



H.P. Sculp



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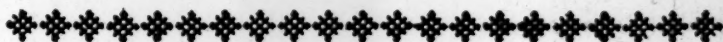
THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. JOHN GAY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF THE AUTHOR.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; describimus aliquid modò pressus, modò elatius: atque ipsâ varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortassè omnibus placeant. PLIN. Epist.



D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY JAMES POTTS, AT SWIFT'S-
HEAD, IN DAME-STREET.

M D C C L X X.



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OF

Mr. *JOHN GAR.*

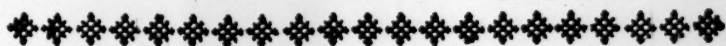
VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JAMES POTTS, AT SWIFT'S-
HEAD, IN DAME-STREET.

MDCCLXX.



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OF THE
FIRST VOLUME.

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1961 JUL 2

A N

A C C O U N T

O F T H E

L I F E and W R I T I N G S

O F T H E

A U T H O R.

MR. *JOHN GAY*, an original poetic genius, was descended of an ancient family, which derived his name from *Gilbert le Gay* of *Hampton Gay* in *Oxfordshire*, who in right of his wife, the daughter and heir of the family of *Curtoys* or *Curtis*, became possessed of the lordship of *Goldworthy* in *Devonshire*, the ancient seat of the name of *Gay* for many generations. Our author was born in the year of the Revolution 1688, near *Barnstable* in that county, and put to the free-school there under an excellent master, *Mr. William Rayner*, who being bred at *Westminster*, taught in the method of that school. Thus he had the advantage of being imbued with a just taste of the

classics ; but the family estate being much reduced, his fortune was not sufficient to support him as a gentleman *, and therefore, his friends chose to breed him to some genteel trade. Accordingly, he was put apprentice to a silk-mercator in *London*. But this step was taken without consulting the youth's taste and temper. The condition of an apprentice appeared too illiberal ; he was not made it seems for a counter-caster. The shop soon became his aversion, he was seldom seen in it, and in a few years his master, upon the offer of a small consideration, willingly consented to give up his indentures : having thus purchased the ease of his mind, he indulged himself freely and fully in that course of life, to which he was irresistibly drawn by nature. Genius concurred with inclination ; poetry was at once his delight and his talent ; and he suffered not his muse to be disturbed, by any disagreeable attention to the expence of cultivating it.

These qualities recommended him to such company and acquaintance as he most affected ; and among others, to dean *Swift* and Mr. *Pope*, who were exceedingly struck with the open sincerity, and undisguised simplicity of his manners, and the easiness of his temper. To this last gentleman he addressed the first fruits of his muse, intitled, *Rural Sports*, a *Georgic*, printed in 1711. This piece discovered a rich poetical vein, peculiar to himself, and met with some agreeable attestations of its merit, that would have been enjoyed with a higher relish, had not the pleasure been interrupted by the ill state of his finances, which by an uncommon degree of thoughtlessness and

* In his *Rural Sports* he says :

He never had been blest by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plowshares in paternal land.

cullibility *, were reduced now to a low ebb. Our poet's purse was an unerring barometer of his spirits, which sinking with it, left him in the apprehension of a servile dependance, a condition he dreaded above any thing that could befall him. However, the clouds were shortly dispelled by the kindness of the duchess of *Monmouth*, who appointed him her secretary in 1712, with a handsome salary. This seasonable favour seating him in a coach, though not his own, kindled his muse into a new pregnancy. He first produced his celebrated poem, called, *Trivia, or, the Art of walking the Streets*. And the following year, at the instance of Mr. *Pope*, he formed the plan of his *Pastorals*. There is not perhaps in history a more remarkable example of the force of friendship in an author, than was the undertaking and finishing this inimitable poem. Mr. *Pope* in his subscription of the *Hanover-club* to his translation of the *Iliad*, had been ill used by Mr. *Philips* their secretary, and his rival in this species of poetry: The translator highly resented the affront, and meditating revenge, intimates to his friend *Gay*, how greatly it was in his power to pluck the bayes from this envied rival's forehead. Our author immediately engages in his friend's quarrel, and executes his request even beyond his expectation. The rural simplicity neglected by *Pope*, and admired in *Philips*, was found in its true guise only in the *Shepherd's Week*. Here only nature was seen exactly such as the country affordeth, and the manner meetly copied from the rustical folk therein.

* These are the words of dean Swift many years afterwards, who there observes, that Providence never designed him, for this reason, to be above two and twenty. Letter 33d in *Pope's Works*, vol. ix. edit. 1742.

This exquisite piece came out in 1714, with a dedication to lord *Bolingbroke* *.

In the mean time, so noble a way of serving his friend, was the sure way of serving himself. The most promising views opened to him at court, he was caressed by some leading persons in the ministry, and his patroness rejoiced to see him taken from her house to attend the earl of *Clarendon*, as secretary in his embassy to the court of *Hanover* the same year. But, whatever were his hopes from this new advancement, it is certain, they begun and ended almost together; for queen *Anne* died in fifteen days after their arrival at *Hanover*. However, this did not prove an irreparable loss; his present situation made him personally known to the succeeding royal family, and returning home he made a proper use of it, in a handsome compliment on the princess of *Wales*, consort to his majesty king *George II.* at her arrival in *England* †. This address procured him a favourable admittance at the new court, and that raising a new flow of spirits, he wrote his incomparable farce, *The what d'ye call it*, which was brought upon the stage before the end of the season, and honoured with their royal highnesses presence. The profits, likewise, brought some useful recruits to his fortune, and his poetical merit being endeared by the sweetness and sincerity of his nature, procured him an easy access to persons of the first distinction, and he passed his time among the great with much satisfaction, notwithstanding the

* Dean Swift merrily calls this dedication, our author's original sin against the court, viz. in the succeeding reigns. *Ibid.* Lett. vi.

† See his "Epistle to a Lady occasioned by the arrival of her royal highness the Princess of Wales;" printed in his Works.

baulk of his expectation of some substantial favour from the new court, where he met with nothing better than a smile. In 1716, he made a visit to his native country at the expence of lord *Burlington*, and he paid his lordship with an humorous account of the journey. The like return was made for Mr. *Pultney's* [late earl of *Bath*] favour, who took him in his company the following year to *Aix in France* *.

This jaunting about with some decent appointments, was one of the highest relished pleasures of Mr. *Gay's* life †, and never failed of calling forth his muse. Soon after his return from *France*, he introduced to the stage, *The three hours after marriage*. His friends Mr. *Pope* and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, had both a hand in this performance, and the two principal characters were acted by two of the best comedians at that time, *Johnson* and Mrs. *Oldfield*: yet, with all these helps and advantages, it was very ill received, if not condemned the first night. Our author stood the brunt with an unusual degree of magnanimity, which seems to be inspired by a hearty regard for his partners, especially, Mr. *Pope*, who was greatly affected with it: Mr. *Gay* continued as before to mix with quality, and so encircled stood invulnerable. In 1718, he accompanied Mr. *Pope* to lord *Harcourt's* seat in *Oxfordshire*, where they clubb'd wits in consecrating to posterity the death of two rustical lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a stroke of lightning.

* They are both printed in his Works. This last shews on which side his friends lay, for Mr. *Pultney* had resigned his place of secretary of war, in April preceding. *Salmon's Chron. Hist.* anno 1717.

† This foible is raillied by dean *Swift*, with his usual kind severity to our author. See Letters xlix. and lvii. in *Pope's Works*, vol. ix.

In 1720, he recruited his purse again by a handsome subscription to his poems, which he collected and printed in two vols. 4to. But falling into the general infatuation of that remarkable year, he lost all his fortune in the *South-sea* scheme, and consequently all his spirits. In reality, this stroke had almost proved fatal to him, he was seized with a violent cholic, and after languishing some time, removed in 1722, to *Hampstead*, for the benefit of the air and waters; but by the assistance of Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who constantly attended him, at length he recovered, and set about writing his tragedy called, *The Captives*; which, when finished, he had the honour of reading from the manuscript to queen *Caroline*, then princess of *Wales* in 1724. Her royal highness also promised him further marks of her favour, if he would write some fables in verse for the use of the duke of *Cumberland*. Accordingly, he undertook the task, and published the fables in 1726, with a dedication to that prince. All this was done against the advice of Mr. *Pope*, the duke being then only an infant; and the result happened as that friend presaged, to be very disagreeable to him, as he was thought to have made too free with the court in several bold strokes in those fables, into which his natural sincerity, and regard for truth, involuntarily betrayed him.

Upon the accession of his late majesty *George II.* to the throne, he was offered the place of gentleman-usher to the then youngest princess *Louisa*; a post which he thought beneath his acceptance *: and re-

* He excused himself as being too far advanced in life. Dean Swift is very merry upon it, and observes to him, that O. Cromwell did not begin to appear till he was older. Ibid. Lett. xxix.

resenting the offer as an affront; in that ill-humour with the court, he wrote the famous *Beggar's Opera*, which being brought upon the stage in the beginning of *November 1727*, was received with greater applause than had ever been known on any occasion. For besides, being acted in *London* sixty-three days, without interruption, and renewed the next season with success, it spread into all the great towns of *England*, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at *Bath* and *Bristol* fifty, &c. It made its progress into *Wales*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, where it was performed twenty-four days successively; and lastly, was acted in *Minorca*. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the author only: the person who acted *Polly*, till then obscure, became at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made of her sayings and jests; and to crown all, after being the mother of several ante-nuptial children, she obtained the title and rank of a duchess by marriage. There is scarcely, if at all, to be found in history an example, where a private subject, undistinguished either by birth or fortune, had it in his power to feast his resentment so richly at the expence of his sovereign. But this was not all: He went on in the same humour, and cast a second part in the like-fashioned mould; which being excluded from the stage by the lord *Chamberlain*, he was encouraged to print with the title of *Polly*, by subscription, and this too, considering the powers employed against it, was incredibly large, and *Colley Cibber* in his view of the

English stage observes, that he got more money this way, than he possibly could by a bare theatrical representation. Neither yet did it end here. The duke and duchess of *Queensberry* took part in resenting the indignity put upon him by this last act of power, resigned their respective places at court, took our author into their house and family, and treated him with all the endearing kindness, of an intimate and much beloved friend.

The following copy of verses were handed about in manuscript, on the subject of his dissatisfaction with the court, which appeared by his rejecting the late offer, and never having been printed, are here presented to the reader.

A mother who vast pleasure finds,
In forming of her children's minds ;
In midst of whom with vast delight,
She passes many a winter's night ;
Mingles in every play to find
What bias nature gave the mind ;
Resolving thence to take her aim,
To guide them to the realms of fame ;
And wisely make those realms their way,
To those of everlasting day ;
Each boist'rous passion she'd controul,
And early humanise the soul ;
The noblest notions would inspire,
As they were sitting by the fire ;
Her offspring, conscious of her care,
Transported hung around her chair.
Of Scripture heroes would she tell,
Whose names they'd lisp, ere they could spell ;

Then

Then the delighted mother smiles,
 And shews the story in the tiles.
 At other times her themes would be,
 The sages of antiquity ;
 Who left a glorious name behind,
 By being blessings to their kind :
 Again she'd take a nobler scope,
 And tell of *Addison* and *Pope*.

This happy mother met one day,
 A book of fables writ by *Gay* ;
 And told her children, here's a treasure,
 A fund of wisdom, and of pleasure.
 Such decency ! such elegance !
 Such morals ! such exalted sense !
 Well has the poet found the art,
 To raise the mind, and mend the heart.
 Her favourite boy the author seiz'd,
 And as he read, seem'd highly pleas'd ;
 Made such reflections every page,
 The mother thought above his age :
 Delighted read, but scarce was able
 To finish the concluding fable.
 What ails my child, the mother cries,
 Whose sorrows now have fill'd your eyes :
 Oh ! dear mamma, can he want friends,
 Who writes for such exalted ends ?
 Oh ! base degenerate human kind,
 Had I a fortune to my mind,
 Should *Gay* complain ; but now, alas,
 Through what a world am I to pass ;
 Where friendship's but an empty name,
 And merit's scarcely paid in fame.

Resolv'd to lull his woes to rest,
 She told him he should hope the best ;

That who instruct the royal race,
 Can't fail of some distinguish'd place.
 Mamma, if you were queen, says he,
 And such a book was writ for me ;
 I know 'tis so much to your taste,
 That *Gay* would keep his coach at least.

My child, what you suppose is true,
 I see its excellence in you ;
 Poets whose writings mend the mind,
 A noble recompense should find :
 But I am barr'd by fortune's frowns,
 From the best privilege of crowns ;
 The glorious godlike power to bless,
 And raise up merit in distress.

But, dear mamma, I long to know,
 Were that the case, what you'd bestow ?
 What I'd bestow, says she, my dear,
 At least five hundred pounds a year.

These noble additions to his fame, his fortune,
 and his friendships, inspired him with fresh vigour,
 raised him to a degree of confidence and assurance,
 and he was even prompted to think that the *The Wife
 of Bath*, despised and rejected as it had been *, might
 with some improvements, which he could now give
 it, be made to taste the sweets of this happy change
 in his fortune. In this temper he revised and altered
 it, and brought it again new dressed upon the stage
 in 1729, but had the mortification to see all his san-
 guine hopes of its success blasted ; it met with the
 same fate in the playhouse as formerly. This rebuff
 happened in *March 1729-30* : and thereupon, the

* Viz. In 1714, when it was first acted. Cibber's *Lives of the
 Poets*.

evil spirit of melancholy entered into him; which with the return of his constitutional distemper the cholic, gave a new edge to the sense of his disappointments at court, with respect to the *Beggar's Opera*. In that satire, he had it seems flattered himself with the hopes of awing the court into a disposition to take him into favour, in the view of its being necessary to keep so powerful a pen in good humour, and engaging it on their side.

This last refinement upon his misery, added to the former indignities, threw him into a dejection, which he in vain endeavoured to remove by another tour into *Somersetshire*, in 1731. In short, he grew incurable. But the state both of his body and mind, cannot be so satisfactorily described, as it is in his own account of it to Mr. *Pope*. “ My melancholy (says he) increaseth, and every hour threatens me with some return of my distemper. Nay, I think, I may rather say, I have it on me. Not the divine looks, the kind favours and expressions of the divine duchess, who hereafter shall be in place of a queen to me, nay, she shall be my queen, nor the inexpressible goodness of the duke can in the least cheer me. The drawingroom no more receives light from these two stars. There is now (what *Milton* says in *Hell*) darkness visible. O that I had never known what a court was. Dear *Pope*, what a barren soil (to me so) have I been striving to produce something out of! Why did not I take your advice before my writing fables for the duke, not to write them, or rather to write them for some young nobleman? It is my hard fate, I must get nothing, write for them or against them.” In this disposition, it is no wonder that we find him rejecting

ing a proposal, made to him by this last mentioned friend in 1732, of trying his muse upon the *Hermitage*, then lately built by queen *Caroline* in *Richmona-gardens* : to which he answers with a fixed despondency, that “ he knew himself unworthy of royal patronage.”

However, in the sweetly delightful retirement of *Amesbury*, a seat of his noble patron, near *Stonehenge* upon *Salisbury* plain, he found lucid intervals enough to finish his opera called, *Achilles*, and coming with the family to his grace’s house in *Burlington-gardens*, to pass the winter season, he gave that piece to the play-house, and the week after was suddenly seized with a violent inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification of his bowels, in three days put a period to his life, *December 11, 1732*. In this short illness he was attended by two physicians, besides Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who particularly observed, that it was the most precipitate case he ever knew ; meaning, after the fever shewed itself : for there were prognostics enough to predict his approaching end long before, and he himself was sensible of it. In the beginning of *October*, he sent Mr. *Pope* the last gift, as a token to be kept in remembrance of his dying friend, declaring, that he found by many warnings he had no continuing city here. “ I begin (says he) to look
 “ upon myself as one already dead, and desire, my
 “ dear Mr. *Pope*, whom I love as my own soul, if
 “ you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone
 “ should mark the place of my grave, see these words
 “ put upon it :

Life is a jest, and all things shew it,
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

“ With

“ With what else you may think proper.” This dying request was executed by that friend with remarkable piety*, and the following epitaph was also inscribed on a very handsome marble monument erected to his memory by the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, who took care to have his body interred with a suitable funeral solemnity. The corps was brought by the company of upholders, from his grace’s house to *Exeter-change* in the *Strand*, where after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning coaches and six horses to *Westminster-Abbey*, at eight o’clock in the evening, on the 23d of *December*: the pall was supported by the earl of *Chesterfield*, the lord viscount *Cornbury*, the honourable Mr. *Berkely*, general *Dormer*, Mr. *Gore*, and Mr. *Pope*; the service being performed by the then dean, Dr. *Wilcox*, bishop of *Rochester*, the choir attending. He was interred in the *South-cross-isle*, against the tomb of *Chaucer*, near the place where stands his monument.

* His moral character is particularly insisted on; perhaps, the more, as it had been aspersed by Jacob in his *Lives of the poets*; which, however, had been revenged by Pope in the *Dunciad*, lib. iii. ver. 149, 150. first edition.

Here

Here lies the ashes of Mr. JOHN GAY,
 The warmest friend ;
 The most benevolent man :
 Who maintained
 Independency
 In low circumstances of fortune ;
 Integrity
 In the midst of a corrupt age ;
 And that equal serenity of mind,
 Which conscious goodness alone can give,
 Through the whole course of his life.

Favourite of the Muses,
 He was led by them to every elegant art ;
 Refin'd in taste,
 And fraught with graces all his own :
 In various kinds of poetry
 Superior to many,
 Inferior to none,
 His works continue to inspire
 What his example taught,
 Contempt of folly, however adorn'd ;
 Detestation of vice, however dignified ;
 Reverence of virtue, however disgraced.

Charles and Catherine, duke and duchess of Queensberry, who loved this excellent man living, and regret him dead ; have caused this monument to be erected to his memory.

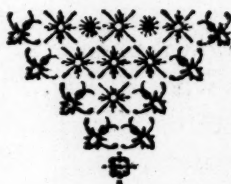
Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
 In wit a man, simplicity a child;
 With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age.
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted e'en among the great.
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end:
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

The opera of *Achilles* was brought upon the stage soon after his death, and met with a very good reception, which was greatly promoted by the duke of *Queensberry*, who was uncommonly assiduous in patronizing it; and who, as *Mr. Pope* observes, acted in this, and every thing else, more than the part of a brother to his deceased friend. It was also, through the influence of his example, that the profits of the representation were given by the managers of the play-house to our author's two widow sisters, *Katherine* and *Jobanna*, relicts of *Mr. Ballet* and *Mr. Fortescue*, who, as heirs at law, shared his fortune (about the sum of 3000*l.*) equally between them; which disposition was agreeable to his own desire, and therefore it was that he made no will. He left several manuscripts behind him, some of which came into the hands of *Mr. Pope*, who, for that part of them, took care, no doubt (as he promised dean *Swift*) to suppress such as he judged unworthy of him. A few years after his death,

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Of

death, there was published under his name a comedy, called, *The distressed Wife*, the second edition of which was printed in 1750; and in 1754, there appeared a humorous piece inscribed to him, with the title of *The Rehearsal at Gotham*.



2 JY 61

● RURAL

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED

TO MR. POPE.

———*Securi Prælia ruris*
Pandimus.

NEMESIAN.



RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

TO MR. POPE.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town ;
In *Windſor* groves your eaſy hours employ,
And, undiſturb'd, yourſelf the Muſe enjoy.
Thames liſtens to thy ſtrains, and ſilent flows, 5
And no rude wind through ruſtling oſiers blows,
While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the *Syrens* warble in thy ſong.

But I, who ne'er was bleſs'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughſhares in paternal land, 10
Long in the noiſie town have been immur'd,
Reſpir'd its ſmoak, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politicks divide mankind,
And ſchemes of ſtate involve th' uneaſie mind ;
Faction embroils the world ; and ev'ry Tongue 15
Is mov'd by flatter'ry, or with ſcandal hung :
Friendſhip, for ſylvan ſhades, the palace flies,
Where all muſt yield to int'reſt's dearer ties ;
Each rival *Machiavel* with envy burns,
And honeſty forſakes them all by turns ; 20
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike diſown.
Fatigu'd at laſt ; a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my harraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe,

Where

Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime, 25
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
 My muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
 And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,
 Frequented by the *Mantuan* swain, and you. 30

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
 But all the grateful country breathes delight ;
 Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day, 35
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way.
 Where I behold the farmer's early care,
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground, 40
 The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,
 Shaving the surface of the waving green,
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand ;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, 45
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws ;
 But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
 Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
 His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake ; 50
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright *Phæbus*
 gains,
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
 When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, 55
 And in the middle path-way basks the snake ;

○ lead

O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers :
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines ; 60
 Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
 Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams
 Whose rolling current winding round and round,
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound ;
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, 65
 And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the *Mantuan's* Georgic strains,
 And learn the labours of *Italian* swains ;
 In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
 And all *Hesperia* opens to my eyes. 70
 I wander o'er the various rural toil,
 And know the nature of each different soil :
 This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
 That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn :
 Here I survey the purple vintage grow, 75
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row :
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
 And paw with restless hoof the smoaking ground :
 The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein ; 80
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims :
 The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew ;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs, 85
 And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend ;
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend ;
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears. 90

Or

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way ;
 When the big udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand ;
 No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir 95
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire ;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;
 Engag'd in thought, to *Neptune's* bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day ; 100
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below :
 Here pensive I behold the fading light, 105
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestow th' uncloudy skies ;
 Her borrow'd lustre growing *Cynthia* lends,
 And on the main a glittering path extends ; 110
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circle steer,
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of providence.
 O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse 115
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays ! 120

As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,

RURAL SPORTS.

23

No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams. 125
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watry snare;
His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,
Encrease his tackle, and his rod retye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain, 135
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies, 140
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought, 145
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows; 150
When if or chance or hunger's pow'ful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line! 155
How thy rod bends! behold the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
 Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose ; 160
 The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies ;
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains :
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss ;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil. 170

But when the Sun displays his glorious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
 You now a more delusive art must try, 175
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride,
 Let nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require ; 180
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings :
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart, 185
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
 Dazzles our eyes, and easie hearts betrays, 190

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect race appear ;

In

In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try 195
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw; 200
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size.
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205
 And on the back a speckled feather binds,
 So just the colours shine thro' every part,
 That nature seems to live again in art.
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair; 210
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,
 Against the stream now gently let it play, 215
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
 The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy 225
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,

He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food ;
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away. 230
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
 And now again, impatient of the wound, 235
 He rolls and wreaths his shining body round ;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide ;
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ; 240
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes ;
 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands :
 'Till tir'd at last, dispoil'd of all his strength, 245
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
 Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air : 250
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race ?
 Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase ;
 Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255
 Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores :
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds 260

Perplex

RURAL SPORTS.

27

Perplex the fisher ; I, nor choose to bear
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear ;
 Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
 Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265
 No blood of living insect stain my line ;
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey. 270

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
 Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
 Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
 And all the fisherman adorn thy verse ;
 Should you the wide-encircling net display, 275
 And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
 Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
 And with the soale and turbot hide the sand ;
 It would extend the growing theme too long,
 And tire the reader with the watry song. 280

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
 Nor render all the plowman's labour vain,
 When *Ceres* pours out plenty from her horn,
 And cloaths the fields with golden ears of corn.
 Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, 285
 Haste, save the product of the bounteous year :
 To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
 And rising shaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for silvan sports thy bosom glow,
 Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 290

C 2

With

With what delight the rapid course I view !
 How does my eye the circling race pursue !
 He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
 The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws ;
 She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound 295
 Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground ;
 She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
 Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
 What various sport does rural life afford !
 What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board !

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray, 301
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
 Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
 To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies ;
 Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
 The subtle dog scowrs with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows, 310
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey ;
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear ;
 Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry, 315
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing *Phæbus* gilds the mountain's head, 320
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes :
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,

RURAL SPORTS.

29

Let your obsequious ranger search around, 325

Where yellow stubble withers on the ground :

Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,

But numerous coveys gratifie thy pain.

When the meridian sun contracts the shade,

And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade ; 330

Or when the country floats with sudden rains,

Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains ;

In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,

While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear, 335

But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.

See how the well-taught pointer leads the way :

The scent grows warm ; he stops ; he springs the prey ;

The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,

And on swift wing divide the sounding skies ; 340

The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,

And death in thunder overtakes their flight.

Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand

Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land ;

Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take, 345

Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake ;

Not closest coverts can protect the game :

Hark ! the dog opens ; take thy certain aim ;

The woodcock flutters ; how he wav'ring flies !

The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing, 351

Who terror bears upon his soaring wing :

Let them on high the frightened hern survey,

And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.

Nor shall the mountain lark the muse detain, 355

That greets the morning with his early strain ;

C 3

When,

Let

When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays ;
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies : 360
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;
 The hound must open in these rural strains.
 Soon as *Aurora* drives away the night,
 And edges eastern clouds with rose light, 365
 The healthy huntsman, with the chearful horn,
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds ;
 Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake : 371
 The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;
 The distant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods resound the flying war : 375
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed ;
 Hills, dales and forests far behind remain, 380
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
 Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find ?
 Hark ! death advances in each gust of wind !
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies ; 385
 Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death,
 But stay, advent'rous muse, hast thou the force
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse ?

To

RURAL SPORTS.

31

To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill 390
 O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill;
 Can'st thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
 Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
 Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay. 395

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
 And all the ravages of hostile arms!
 And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
 Whose spacious barns groan with encreasing store, 400
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
 No barb'rous foldier, bent on cruel spoil,
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain: 405
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
 The dreadful signal of invasive war;
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends, 410
 In chearful labour while each day she spends!
 She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame) 415
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies, 420
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:

No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs, 425
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain ;
 No homebred jars her quiet state controul,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul ;
 With secret joy she sees her little race 430
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace ;
 The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthning wool :
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind. 435

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
 The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
 Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove ;
 Alike indulgent to the muse and love ;
 Ye murm'ring streams that in *Mæanders* roll, 440
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
 Farewell.—The city calls me from your bow'rs :
 Farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

THE FAN.

A P O E M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

—ἐνθα δὲ θελήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
ἔνθα ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἡμεῖς, ἐν δ' ἄριστος,
Πάρις τις ἢ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονέοντα·
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν. Hom. Iliad. 14.



T H E F A N.

A P O E M.

B O O K I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,
Not the wide fan by *Persian* dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade ;
Nor that long known in *China's* artful land, 5
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand :
Nor shall the muse in *Asian* climates rove,
To seek in *Indostan* some spicy grove ;
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervor of meridian skies, 10
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair ;
No busie gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial Zephyrs round her fly, 15
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall *Bermudas* long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in *Waller's* strain,
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend ; 20
Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair *Palmetto* grows :

Like

Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
 From the broad top depending branches spread ;
 No knotty limbs the taper body bears, 25
 Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
 Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
 Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
 But as the seasons in their circle run,
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun : 30
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring Muse, nor rove in foreign climes,
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhimes.
 Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ, 35
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy ;
 Say how this instrument of Love began,
 And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
 Which gay *Corinna* rally'd with disdain : 40
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair ;
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he danc'd :
 Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid, 45
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid ;
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,
 The surest charm to bend the force of pride :
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50
 When *Strephon* saw his vows dispers'd in air,
 He sought in solitude to lose his care ;
 Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
 It serv'd, like musick, but to feed his pain.
 To *Venus* now the slighted Boy complains, 55
 And calls the Goddess in these tender strains.

O potent

O potent Queen, from *Neptune's* empire sprung,
 Whose glorious birth admiring *Nereids* sung,
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of *Cyprus* rove,
 Whose radiant presence gilds the *Paphian* grove, 60
 Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies :
 O beauteous Goddess, teach me how to move,
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
 If lost *Adonis* e'er thy bosom warm'd, 65
 If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
 Think on the restless fever of thy heart ;
 Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain :
 By those uneasy minutes know my pain. 70
 Ev'n while *Cydicpe* to *Diana* bows,
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
 The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame ;
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame :
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, *Acontius*, prove, 75
 May *Venus* dictate, and reward my love.
 When crowds of suitors *Atalanta* try'd,
 She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defy'd ;
 Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race; 80
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O *Venus*, was thy care,
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,
 Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes, 85
 She stoops ; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
 Say, *Cyprian* Deity, what gift, what art,
 Shall humble into love *Corinna's* heart ?
 If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90
 Thus

Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.
The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in *Cythera* stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to *Venus* and the God of love ;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;
Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs ;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busie *Cupids*, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;
All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply, 105
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel ;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs ;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride ;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay ;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen : 120
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the raily'd fop for smart replies ;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames ;

Here

Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.

There stands the *Toilette*, nursery of charms,
Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms ;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead combs.

'The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide, 131
Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.

'Thus when *Semiramis*, in ancient days, 135
Bad *Babylon* her mighty bulwarks raise ;
A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend :
Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,
With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones ; 140
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
'Till the proud battlements her tow'rs enclose.

Now *Venus* mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to *Cythera's* plains ;
Strait to the grot with graceful step she goes, 145
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious *Loves*, your present toils forbear, 151
A more important task demands your care ;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful Mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen 155
Who draws the car of the celestial Queen ?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with *Argus'* eyes ?

Have

Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
 Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display, 160
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;
 Thin taper sticks must from one center part:
 Let these into the quadrant's form divide, 165
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
 And make a miniature creation grow.
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose. 170
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
 And grace each motion with the restless toy,
 With various play bid grateful *Zephyrs* rise,
 While love in ev'ry grateful *Zephyr* flies.

The master *Cupid* traces out the lines, 175
 And with judicious hand the draught designs,
 Th' expecting *Loves* with joy the model view,
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
 Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart; 180
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
 Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
 And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
 Of this, the little pin they neatly mold, 185
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend,
 Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
 And finish instantly the new machine. 190

'The Goddess pleas'd the curious work receives,
 Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;

With

With the light fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand, 195
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd, 200
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts, 205
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210
In the bright air the dreadful fauchion shone,
Or whistling flings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thund'ring cannon flies,
One hour with more battalions strows the plain, 215
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shews,
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws; 220
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring !
What force of thought, what numbers can express,
Th' inconstant equipage of female drefs ? 230
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train ?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound ?
But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare 235
The *Toilette's* sacred mysteries declare ;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid ;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in my verse ; 240
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

T H E F A N.

A P O E M.

B O O K II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold ; in heav'n's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal Powers ;
Great *Jove* above the rest exalted fate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate,
His awful eye with ray superior shone, 5
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair *Venus* comes in all her state,
The wanton *Loves* and *Graces* round her wait ; 10
With her loose robe officious *Zephyrs* play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way,
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled Powers, who fickle mortals guide, 15
Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below ;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine ;
Industrious

Industrious *Ceres* tam'd the savage ground, 21
 And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd ;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
 And fruitful autumn is *Pomona's* care.
 I first taught woman to subdue mankind, 25
 And all her native charms with dress refin'd :
 Celestial Synod, this machine survey,
 That shades the face, or bids cool *Zephyrs* play ;
 If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
 With this she veils them from her lover's eyes ; 30
 No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
 From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
 The royal sceptre shines in *Juno's* hand,
 And twisted thunder speaks great *Jove's* command ;
 On *Pallas'* arm the *Gorgon* shield appears, 35
 And *Neptune's* mighty grasp the trident bears :
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
 And the strung bow points out the *Cynthia* Queen ;
 Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,
 The waving fan supply the sceptre's place. 40
 Who shall, ye Powers, the forming pencil hold ?
 What story shall the wide machine unfold ?
 Let *Loves* and *Graces* lead the dance around,
 With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd ;
 Let *Cupid's* arrow strow the smiling plains 45
 With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains :
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.
Diana rose ; with silver crescent crown'd,
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground ; 50
 Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
 And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.
 Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
 The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles ?

T H E F A N.

45

Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove, 55

Or are the sex grown novices in love?

Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,

From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize?

No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,

And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows; 60

Since blushes then from shame alone arise,

Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?

Let *Cupid* rather give up his command,

And trust his arrows in a female hand.

Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,

65

And woman with destructive arms supply'd?

Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,

For her the chambers of the deep explores;

The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,

And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines: 70

Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,

Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;

Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,

Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.

Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear,

75

Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?

From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,

And imitates the lightning of her eyes.

But yet if *Venus*' wishes must succeed,

And this fantastic engine be decreed,

80

May some chaste story from the pencil flow,

To speak the virgin's joy, and *Hymen*'s woe.

Here let the wretched *Ariadne* stand,

Seduc'd by *Theseus* to some desert land,

Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,

85

The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;

The

The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,
 And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
 Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, *Theseus*, stay;
 But faithless *Theseus* hears no more than they. 90
 All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
 And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
 His less'ning vessel plows the foamy main,
 She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint *Dido* there amidst her last distress, 95
 Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
 Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;
 And gushing blood streams purple from the wound:
 Her sister *Anna* hov'ring o'er her stands,
 Accuses heaven with lifted eyes and hands, 100
 Upbraids the *Trojan* with repeated cries,
 And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
 View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;
 They're *Trojans* all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw *OEnone* in the lonely grove, 105
 Where *Paris* first betray'd her into love:
 Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
 Which the false youth wove for *OEnone's* brow,
 The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
 And like their odours all his vows are fled; 110
 On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
 And *Xanthus'* waves with mournful look surveys;
 That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
 When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:
These streams shall sooner to their fountain move, 115
Than I forget my dear OEnone's love.
 Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, *OEnone* is undone.

Ah

Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
 Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew, 120
 When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,
 Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,
 In his true colours view perfidious man,
 Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove, 125
 And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The Goddess ended, merry *Momus* rose,
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
 Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke. 130

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
 And by your own examples teach the fair.
 Let chaste *Diana* on the piece be seen,
 And the bright crescent own the *Cynthian* Queen;
 On *Latmos'* top see young *Endymion* lies, 135
 Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes,
 See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
 And on his lips her warm careffes seals;
 No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
 But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140
 Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
 Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
 Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,
 Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
 Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace, 145
 And glowing expectation paints her face,
 O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
 Stand off, ye shepherds; fear *Actæon's* head;
 Let vig'rous *Fan* th' unguarded minute seize,
 And in a shaggy goat the virgin please. 150

Why

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
 Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth *Aurora's* passion trace,
 Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
 See *Cephalus* her wanton airs despise, 155
 While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
 To raise his passion she displays her charms,
 His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
 Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart persuade,
 But with disdain he quits the rosie maid. 160

Here let dissolving *Læda* grace the toy,
 Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
 Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
 While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
 There let all-conquering gold exert its pow'r, 165
 And soften *Danae* in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
 Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
 On the machine the sage *Minerva* place,
 With lineaments of wisdom mark her face; 170
 See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
 And with her pipe hears the resounding wood:
 Her image in the floating glass she spies,
 Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;
 She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175
 Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain,
 With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
 What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.
 Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair?
 Those trifles are beneath *Minerva's* care. 180
 From *Venus* let her learn the marry'd life,
 And all the virtuous duties of a wife.

Here

Here on a couch extend the *Cyprian* dame,
 Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame ;
 The God of war within her clinging arms, 185
 Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
 Paint limping *Vulcan* with a husband's care,
 And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear ;
 Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
 Their limbs entangled in a close embrace. 190
 Let these amours adorn the new machine,
 And female nature on the piece be seen ;
 So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,
 Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.



T H E F A N.

A P O E M.

B O O K III.

THUS *Momus* spoke. When sage *Minerva* rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As Gods are bless'd with a superior skill, 5
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled Pow'rs consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the fan. 10

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear, 15
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies. 20

She

She various fables on the piece design'd,
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.
 The fate of pride in *Niobe* she drew :
 Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue :
 In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
 Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround : 30
 She made *Latona's* altars cease to flame,
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,
 To her own charms she bad fresh incense rise,
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.
 Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born, 35
 Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
 Were by *Latona's* double offspring slain.
 Here *Phæbus* his unerring arrow drew,
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw, 40
 His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
 When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
 This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear, 55
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate. 60
 Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
 The plain all purple with her childrens blood;
 She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair
 In easie ringlets wantons in the air; 70
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
 All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display, 75
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
 Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
 And in celestial families adore,
 Though from your features *Cupid* borrows arms,
 And goddesses confess inferior charms, 80
 Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours *Procris*' passion tell,
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
 Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85
 Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.

What

What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
 See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears, 90
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
 Lose not in fullen discontent, your peace.
 For when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the *Volscian* Queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd; 100
 Gay *Chlorens*' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
 Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground 105
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays; 110
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wandring eyes;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young *Narcissus* o'er the fountain stood, 115
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood,
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd. 120
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:

O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows. 126

Let vain *Narcissus* warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair. 130
 Oh *Araminta*, cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rose colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine, 135
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The *Cyprian* Queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
 To the low world she bends her steepy way,
 Where *Strephon* pass'd the solitary day; 140
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And ev'ry tree bore false *Corinna's* name;
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms, 145
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
 When *Venus* to his wandring eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
 Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway, 150
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.
 For this, shall elephants their ivory shed; 155
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:

His

His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall *Indians* all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy ; 160
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show ;
 So shall the *British* fair their minds improve,
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.
 Here *China's* ladies shall their pride display, 165
 And silver figures gild their loose array ;
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies :
 Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies ;
 This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay *France* shall make the fan her artist's care, 175
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned Orators that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue. 180
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
 From noise anger to the fullen spleen.

While *Venus* spoke, joy shone in *Strephon's* eyes,
 Proud of the gift, he to *Corinna* flies.
 But *Cupid* (who delights in am'rous ill, 185
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to *Leander's* panting bosom flew :
Leander lov'd ; and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame ; 190

Sweet smiles *Corinna* to his sighs returns,
And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo *Strephon* comes ! and with a suppliant bow,
Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of *Niobe* beheld, 195
Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd ?
She sighing cry'd : Disdain forsook her breast,
And *Strephon* now was thought a worthy guest.

In *Procris*' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her *Strephon*'s constancy sincere.

When on *Camilla*'s fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns :
She learns *Leander*'s passion to despise, 205
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies. 210

Thus *Pallas* taught her. *Strephon* weds the dame,
And *Hymen*'s torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

— *Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.* —

Virg.



THE
P R O E M E
TO THE
COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvell hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain high-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimaufry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous

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outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instilled Golden, as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Dorick Shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

ὩπόλⓈ οὐκ ἔσθη τὰς μνηδαὶς οἷα βατεῦντι

Τακεται ὀφθαλμῶς ὅτι ἔτρεχⓈ αὐτὸς ἔγενεο.

Theoc.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the Burgeses of this realme.

Furthermore it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didest thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

**As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breath
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain or tedded grafs or kine
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.**

Thou

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Thou wilt not find my shepherdesse idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spencer well observeth.

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.

For as much, as I have mentioned maister Spencer, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his Names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the shepherd's calendar, and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of maister Spencer's eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar

gar

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gar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto myself, as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of Simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thy self with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy Loving Countryman,

JOHN GAY.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung *Bumkinet* and *Bouzybee*,
And *Blouzelind* and *Marian* bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good lord of *Bolingbroke*.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen haut-boy sound,
Our *Clerk* came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *Queen*;
That *Queen*, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet *Peace that maketh riches flow*;
That *Queen* who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was *Cic'ly* seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd *Queen ANNE* to *Elizabeth*,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore
I'd weep for *Blouzelind* no more.

While

While thus we stood as in a stound,
 And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
 Full soon by bonfire and by bell
 We learnt our Liege was passing well.
 A skilful leach (so God him speed)
 They say had wrought this blessed deed,
 This leach *Arbuthnot* was yclept,
 Who many a night not once had slept;
 But watch'd our gracious Sov'reign still:
 For who could rest when she was ill?
 Oh, mayst thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
 Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep
 To swell his couch; for well I ween,
 He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, Please God, I'll hye with glee
 To court, this *Arbuthnot* to see.
 I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
 For silver loops and garment blue:
 My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,
 For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
 For *Lightfoot* and my scrip I got
 A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
 Of foldier's drum withouten dread;
 For Peace allays the shepherd's fear
 Of wearing cap of Grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row
 Before their Queen in seemly show.
 No more I'll sing *Buxoma* brown,
 Like goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown;
 Nor *Clumfilis*, nor *Marian* bright,
 Nor damsel that *Hobnelia* height.
 But *Lansdown* fresh as flow'r of *May*,
 And *Berkley* lady blithe and gay,

And

And *Anglesey* whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming *Hyde*, with eyes so rare,
And *Montague* beyond compare.
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.
As *Oxford*, who a wand doth bear,
Like *Moses*, in our Bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to *Britain* Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges-grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

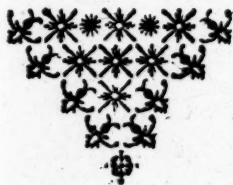
There saw I *St. John*, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to Church and Queen.
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St. John, right courteous to the swain;

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle *Gay*,
And certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did even as my lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of States and Kings
Wait, while our *Borwybeus* sings.

Rather

Rather than verse of simple swain
Shou'd stay the trade of *France* or *Spain*,
Or for the plaint of Parson's maid,
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd ;
In sooth, I swear by holy *Paul*,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.



MONDAY;

M O N D A Y;

O R, T H E

S Q U A B B L E,

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just awake,
No thrushes shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the Welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes ;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear, 5
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear ?

CUDDY.

Ah *Lobbin Clout* ! I ween, my plight is guest,
For *he that loves, a stranger is to rest* ;
If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And *Blouxelinda's* mistress of thy heart. 10
This rising tear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy *Blouxelind*.

Line 3. Welkin the same as *Welken*, an old Saxon word signifying a *Cloud* ; by poetical license it is frequently taken for the *Element* or *Sky*, as may appear by this verse in the *Dream of Chaucer*,

Ne in all the Welkin was no Cloud.

Sheen or *Shine*, an old word for *shining* or *bright*,

5. *Scant*, used in the ancient *British* authors for *scarce*.

6. *Rear*, an expression in several counties of *England*, for *early in the morning*.

7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to *think* or *conceive*.

And

And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee *Blouzelinda* smites, *Buxoma* me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah *Blouzelind*! I love thee more by half, 15
Than Does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters fore it gall,
That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witlefs *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,
Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20
Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue;
He first that useful secret did explain,
'That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear. 30
Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
'That *Cloddipole* shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer:
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

25. *Erst*, a contraction of *ere this*, it signifies *sometime ago*, or
formerly.

LOBBIN

THE SQUABBLE.

69

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blitheſt laſs,
Than primroſe ſweeter, or the clover-graſs.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daiſie that beſide her grows,
Fair is the gilliflow'r, of gardens ſweet,
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet.
But *Blouzelind*'s than gillyflow'r more fair,
Than daiſie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

45

CUDDY.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateſt maid,
That e'er at Wake delightfule gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the goole's down,
And like the goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown.
The witteſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,
The friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain,
The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound,
And my cur *Tray* play deſteſt feats around;
But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor *Tray*,
Dance like *Buxoma* on the firſt of *May*.

50

55

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzelind* is near,
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year.
With her no ſultry ſummer's heat I know;
In winter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, *Blouzelinda*, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,
My ſummer's ſhadow and my winter's fire!

60

CUDDY.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour ſeem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
Like worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.

65

56. *Deſt*, an old word ſignifying *brisk* or *nimble*.

Eſtfoons,

Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

70

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As *Blouxelinda* in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I sily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kifs,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

75

CUDDY.

As my *Buxoma* in a morning fair,
With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care,
I queintly stole a kifs; at first, 'tis true
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

80

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,
Of *Irish* fwains potatoe is the chear;
Oats for their feasts, the *Scottish* shepherds grind, 85
Sweet turnips are the food of *Blouxelind*.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks nor oatmeal nor potatoe prize.

69. *Eftsoons*, from *est*, an ancient *British* word, signifying soon. So that *estsoons* is a doubling of the word *soon*, which is, as it were, to say twice soon, or very soon.

79. *Queint* has various significations in the ancient *English* authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as *Chaucer* hath done in his *Miller's-Tale*. As *Clerkes* being full subtle and queint, (by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

85. *Populus Alcidæ gratissima*, vitis *Iaccho*,
Formosæ Myrtus Veneri, sua *Laurea Phæbo*.
Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum *Phillis* amabit,
Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laureæ Phæbi, &c. *VIRG.*

CUDDY.

THE SQUABBLE.

71

CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our Parson eats, the Squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my *Buxoma's* fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

90

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *Blindman's-buff*, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I mis'd the swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*.
True speaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind*.

95

CUDDY.

As at *Hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a Clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

100

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my *Blouzelinda* swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

105

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And my self pois'd against the tott'ring maid.
High leapt the plank; adown *Buxoma* fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou can'st, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
§ *What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,*
The richest metal joined with the same?

§ Marygold.

CUDDY.

CUDDY.

Answer, thou Carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight. 116

|| *What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?*

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

|| Rosemary.

117. Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascantur Flores.

VIRG.

120. Et vitula tu dignus & hic.

VIRG.

TUESDAY;

T U E S D A Y ;

O R, T H E D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.

YOUNG *Colin Clout*, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed ;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw, 5
The damsels pleasures with his conquests grew ;
Or when astant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid,
But chief of *Marian*. *Marian* lov'd the swain,
The Parson's maid, and neatest of the plain. 10
Marian that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow ;
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter *Marian's* skill confess'd ;
But *Marian* now devoid of country cares, 15
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares.
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And *Love*, say swains, *all busie heed destroys*.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A las that *Cic'ly* hight, had won his heart, 20
Cic'ly the western las that tends the kee,
The rival of the Parson's maid was she.

21. *Kee*, a West-Country word for *Kine* or *Cows*.

In dreary shade now *Marian* lyes along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song.

Ah woful day ! ah woful noon and morn ! 25
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30

Ah *Colin* ! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true ;
What I have done for thee will *Cic'ly* do ?
Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn ?
Will she with hufwife's hand provide thy meat, 35
And ev'ry *Sunday* morn thy neckcloth plait ?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew *Cic'ly*'s eyes aside.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known ;
Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran and chalk ;
Unwittingly of *Marian* they divine, 45
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet *Colin Clout*, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas *Marian*'s dear delight
To toil all day, and merry-make at night. 50
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care ;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thresher heard, 55
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;

Loft

Lost in the musick of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail:
 In harvest when the Sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply; 60
 When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
 And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake;
 When in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,
 I lagg'd the last with *Colin* on the green;
 And when at eve returning with thy car, 65
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
 Strait on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
 When hungry thou stood'st *staring, like an Oaf*,
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf; 70
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
 Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last *Friday's* eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook,
 They said that many crosses I must prove,
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
 Next morn I mis'd three hens and our old cock,
 And off the hedge two pinnars and a smock. 80
 I bore these losses with a christian mind,
 And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
 But since, alas! I grew my *Colin's* scorn,
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
 Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again, 85
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not fate with thee full many a night,
 When dying embers were our onl' light,
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lye,
 Besides our cat, my *Colin Clout*, and I? 90

No troublous thoughts the cat or *Colin* move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, *Colin*, when at last year's wake,
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.

*As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.*

But woe is me! Such presents luckless prove,
For *Knives*, they tell me, *always sever Love*.

Thus *Marian* wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When Goody *Dobbins* brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she fought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY;

W E D N E S D A Y ;

O R, T H E

• D U M P S.

S P A R A B E L L A.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that *Sparabella* hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linner's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay, 5
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray ;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while O *D'Urfey*, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain ; 10

* *Dumps*, or *Dumbs*, made use of to express a fit of the *Sullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumopt*, a King of *Egypt*, that built a Pyramid, and dy'd of Melancholy. So *Mopes* after the same manner is thought to have come from *Mereops*, another *Egyptian* King that dy'd of the same distemper ; but our *English* Antiquaries have conjectured that *Dumps*, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word *Dumplin*, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in *Norfolk*, and other counties of *England*.

Line 5. Immemor Herbarum quos est mirata juventa
Certantes quorum stupefactæ carmine Lynces ;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.
9. Tu mihi seu magis superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoribus

V I R O .

Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
 Whether thy muse does at *New-market* run,
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
 Or else at wakes with *Joan* and *Hodge* rejoice, 15
 Where *D'Urfey's* lyricks swell in every voice;
 Yet suffer me thou bard of wond'rous meed,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad, 20
 The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:
 When *Sparabella* penfive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise 25
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From *Sparabella Bumkinet* is fled;
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier *Clumsilis* put on. 30
 Sure if he'd eyes (*but Love, they say, has none*)
 I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with that ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 35
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

21. An Opera written by this Author, called the *World in the Sun*, or the *Kingdom of Birds*; he is also famous for his Song on the *New-market Horse-Race*, and several others that are sung by the *British Swains*.

17. *Meed*, an old word for *Fame* or *Renown*.

18. ——— Hanc sine tempora circum

Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

25. Incumbens tereti Damon sic cepit Olive.

33. *Shent*, an old word signifying *Hurt* or *harmed*.

Shall heavy *Clumfilis* with me compare ?
 View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.
 Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne ; 40
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her aukward fist did ne'er employ the churn ;
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder's power :
 No hufwifry the dowdy creature knew ; 45
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50
 Though *Clumfilis* may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye ;
 And fairest-blossoms drop with every blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
 Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55
 While *Katherine* pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
 Yet she, alas ! the witless lout hath won,
 And by her gain, poor *Sparabell*'s undone !
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
 The clucking hen make friendship with the kite ; 60
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
 And join in wedlock with the wadling goose ;
 For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
 The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 65
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

37. Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus Amantes ? VIRG.
 49. Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in Litore vidi. VIRG.
 53. Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur. VIRG.
 59. Jungentur jam Gryphes equis ; ævoque sequenti
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Dæmæ. VIRG.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
 And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,
 Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
 And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play, 70
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
 Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood, 75
 When late I met the *Squire* in yonder wood!
 To me he sped, regardless of his game,
 While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
 My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
 Then from his purse of silk a *Guinea* took, 80
 Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
 While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
 He swore that *Dick* in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
 Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
 But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee, 85
 For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Now plain I ken whence *Love* his rise begun.
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
 Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
 Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.

The

67. Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere Cervi

Et freta destituent nudos in littore Pisces——

Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

VIRG.

89. To ken. Scire *Chaucero*, to Ken, and *Kende* notus A. S. *cunnan* Goth. *Kunnan*. Germanis *Kennen*. Danis *Kiende*. Islandis *Kunna*. Belgis *Kennen*. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken* for *prospicere* is well known and used to discover by the eye. Ray. F. R. S.

Nunc

The father only silly sheep annoys,
 The son the fillier shepherdes destroys.
 Does son or father greater mischief do?
 The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

95

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;
 A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100
 This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
 What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!
 No——To some tree this carcass I'll suspend.
 But worrying curs find such untimely end!
 I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105
 On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
 That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;
 Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
 There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
 Though all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110
 And thence, if courage hold, my self I'll throw,
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

*Ye lasses, ease your burthen, cease to moan,
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.*

The sun was set; the night came on apace, 115
 And falling dew bewet around the place,
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
 And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
 The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
 And till to-morrow comes defers her fate. 120

Nunc scio quid sit Amor, &c.

Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

VIRG.

99. ———— vivite Sylva;

Præcepit aerii specula de montis in undas

Deferat.

VIRG.

THURSDAY;

OR, THE

SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In penfive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When *Lubberkin* to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my *Lubberkin*, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rab that won the smock scarce ran so fast.
'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,

S. Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan, which signifies to set in order.

Then

Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizled hair,
 As like to *Lubberkin's* in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground, 25
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve last *Midsummer* no sleep I sought,
 But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,
 I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.
 I strait look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground, 35
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last *Valentine*, the day when birds of kind
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
 I nearly rose, just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40
 A field I went, amid the morning dew
 To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do)
 Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
 In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;
 See, *Lubberkin*, each bird his partner take, 45
 And canst thou then thy sweatheart dear forsake?

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last *May-day* fair I search'd to find a snail
 That might my secret lover's name reveal; 50
 Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.

21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words *do off* and *do on*.

I seiz'd

34 FOURTH PASTORAL.

I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
 Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell, 55
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
 Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove!
 For L is found in *Lubberkin* and *Love*.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
 And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.
 This with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
 As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow, 65
 For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
 One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70
 Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,
 And o'er the door the spell in secret laid,
 My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
 While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
 The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
 But in his proper person,—*Lubberkin*. 76
 I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight,
 So may again his love with mine unite! 80

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn'd me thrice around, around, around.*

64. ——— ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δελφίδι δάφναν

αἶθω. ἧ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίει μέγα καπνυρίσασα.

66. Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

Theoc.

This

THE SPELL.

85

This *Lady-fly* I take from off the grafs,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red furpafs.
Fly, Lady-Bird, North, South, or East or West,
Fly where the Man is found that I love beſt.
He leaves my hand, ſee to the *West* he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithleſs town.

85

With my ſharp beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

90

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My ſhepherd's name to flouriſh on the plain.
I ſling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grafs a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is ſeen.
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

95

With my ſharp beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin ſhall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,
And *Booby* clod on t'other ſide is borne.
But *Booby* clod ſoon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unſound,
While *Lubberkin* ſticks firmly to the laſt;
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd ſo faſt!

100

105

With my ſharp beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As *Lubberkin* once ſlept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wiſt not when the hempen ſtring I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;

110

93. Tranſque Caput jace; ne reſpexeris.

VIRG.

109. Neſte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores

Neſte, Amarylli modo; & Veneris dic vincula neſto. VIRG.

Together

Together fast I tyè the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain.

Three times a true-love's knot I tyè secure, 115
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay. 120
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent;
Behap what will, next *Sunday* after prayers, 125
When to the ale-house *Lubberkin* repairs,
These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 130

But hold—our *Lightfoot* barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see *Lubberkin* appears.
He comes, he comes, *Hobnelia's* not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown, 135
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

123. Has Herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Mæris.

127. ——— Ποτὲν καὶ αὐτὸν δισώ.

131. Nescio quid certe est: & Hylax in limine latrat.

Vire.

Theoc.

F R I D A Y;

O R, T H E

* D I R G E.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, *Grubbinol*, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.

'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet even this season pleasure blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd pears foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder now wash sorrow from thy soul.

5

10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah *Bumkinet*! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

- * *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful Ditty or Song of Lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popish Hymn *Dirige Gressus meos*, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *Dyrke* and our *Dirge*, was a laudatory Song to commemorate and applaud the Dead.

COWELL'S INTERPRETER.

BUMKINET.

BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow ! Let's to yonder hut repair, 15
 And with trim sonnets *cast away* our care.
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet, *o'er hills and far away*.
 Of *Patient Griffel* I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20
 Come, *Grubbinol*, beneath this shelter, come,
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe all distant valleys ring,
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head, 25
 For woe is me !—our *Blouzelind* is dead.

BUMKINET.

Is *Blouzelinda* dead ? farewell my glee !
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
 As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
 Of *Blouzelinda* fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excell.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And ev'ning tears upon the grafs be spread ;
 The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
 Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn ;
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn *Blouzelinda* dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I *Blouzelind* shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.

15. Incipe Mopse prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
 Aut Alconis habes Laudes, aut jurgia Codri.

27. Glee, Joy ; from the *Dutch, Gloeren, to recreate.*

THE DIRGE.

39

When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd ;
 There I remember how her faggots large,
 Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
 Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
 And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown ; 50
 Or when her feeding hogs had mis'd their way,
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay ;
 Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
 And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
 I shall her goodly countenance espie,
 For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
 Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
 Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
 Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
 And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
 But now, alas ! these ears shall hear no more
 The whining swine surround the dairy door,
 No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
 Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70
 The poultry there will seem around to stand,
 Waiting upon her charitable hand.
 No succour meet the poultry now can find,
 For they, like me, have lost their *Blouzelind*.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass, 75
 Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.

I pitch'd

I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
 There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kifs my courtship has explain'd, 80
 Ah *Blouzelind*! that mow I ne'er shall see,
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
 Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear, 85
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
 For *Blouzelinda*, blithsome maid, is dead!
 Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone. 90
Here Blouzelinda lyes—Alas, alas!
Weep shepherds—and remember flesh is grass.

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
 Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth, 95
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
 Yet *Blouzelinda*'s name shall tune my lay,
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When *Blouzelind* expir'd, the wether's bell
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;

84. Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo Narcisso
 Carduus, & spinis surgit Paliurus acutis. VIRO.
 90. Et Tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite Carmen.
 93. Tale tuum carmen nobis, Divine Poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
 Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
 Dicemus, Daphnæque tuum tollimus ad astra. VIRO.
 The

The boding raven on her cottage fate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate ;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105
 Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead ;
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when goody *Dobson* dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
 While on her darling's bed her mother fate ! 110
 These words the dying *Blouzelinda* spoke,
 And of the dead let none the will revoke.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,
 Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn 115
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn ;
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.

Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120

Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.
 The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake,
 Let *Susan* keep for her dear sister's sake ;
 My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green, 125

Let *Peggy* wear, for she's a damsel clean.
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be *Grubb:inol's*—this silver ring beside :

Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
 A token kind, to *Bumkinet* is sent. 130

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.

Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
 While dismally the Parson walk'd before. 135
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
 He said, that heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out. 142

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around; 145
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
 Lest her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
 To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm. 150
 For gaffer *Tread-well* told us by the by,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow;
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
 While padling ducks the standing lake desire, 155
 Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
 So long shall swains tell *Blouzelinda's* praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
 Till bonny *Susan* sped across the plain; 160
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
 And *Susan Blouzelinda's* loss repairs.

153. Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit
 Dumque Thymo pascentur apes, Dum rore cicadae,
 Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

SATURDAY

S

SUN
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S A T U R D A Y;

O R, T H E

F L I G H T S.

B O W Z Y B E U S.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse, prepare;
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,
With *Bowzybeus*' songs exalt thy verse, 5
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about, 10
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
To the near hedge young *Susan* steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd,
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to *Susan*'s aid,
Who thought some adder had the last dismay'd. 20
When fast asleep they *Bowzybeus* spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.

22. Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.

VIRG.
That

That *Bowzybeus* who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string :
 That *Bowzybeus* who with finger's speed 25
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed ;
 That *Bowzybeus* who with jocund tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport furround the drunken wight. 30

Ah *Bowzybee*, why didst thou stay so long ?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong !
 Thou should'st have left the Fair before 'twas night,
 But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35
 And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout,
 For custom says, *Who'er this venture proves,*
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
 By her example *Dorcas* bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
 The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke.
 To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
 As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the croud
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
 Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like *Bowzybeus* sooths th' attentive ear. 50

40. Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit. VIRG.

43. Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis.
 Huic aliud mercedis erit. VIRG.

47. Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnasia rupes,
 Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea. VIRG.

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
 For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below, 55
 And how the closing colworts upwards grow;
 How *Will-a-Wisp* misleads night-faring clowns,
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
 Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60
 He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
 And in what climates they renew their breed;
 Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
 Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
 Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65
 And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep.
 How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
 Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.
 For huntsmen by their long experience find,
 That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
 For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
 How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
 The various fairings of the country-maid.
 Long silken laces hang upon the twine, 75
 And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
 How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissors spies,
 And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
 Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
 Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold. 80
 The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
 And all the fair is crouded in his song.

51. Our swain had possibly read *Tusser*, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85
 And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
 Of *Raree-shows* he sung, and *Punch's* feats,
 Of pockets pick'd in crouds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung *the Children in the Wood*.
 Ah barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
 How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,
 And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd;
 Their little corps the robin-red-breasts found, 95
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom *Joan* he sung the doubtful strife,
 How the fly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woeful wars in *Chevy-chace* befell,
 When *Piercy* drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
 Ah *With'rington*, more years thy life had crown'd,
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound! 106
 Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
 How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants: 110

97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.* VIRG.

99. A Song in the Comedy of *Love for Love*, beginning *A Soldier and a Sailor*, &c.

109. A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.

How

How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
Happy for him if mares had never been !

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of *Taffey Welch*, and *Sawney Scot*, 115
Lilly-buller's and the *Irish Trot*.

Why should I tell of *Bateman* or of *Shore*,
Or *Wantley's Dragon* slain by valiant *Moore*,
The bower of Rosamond, or *Robin Hood*, 119
And how the *grass now grows where Troy town stood?*

His carols ceas'd : the list'ning maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose ; and as he reels along
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly : the giddy clown 125

Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops down ;
The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

112. Et fortunatam si nunquam Armata fuisset
Pasiphaen.

117. Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c. VIRG.

117. Old English Ballads.

2 JY 61

A N

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

O F

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T R I V I A ;

2 JY 61

T R I V I A;

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING

THE STREETS OF

L O N D O N.

Quo te Mæri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem?
Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers: That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you. and if it be any advantage to you, to ascribe it to some person of greater merit, I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

—Non tu, in *2. JY 61* Trivis, in docte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?

T R I V I A.

B O O K I.

*Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Signs
of the Weather.*

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course
aright,

How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,

How jostling crouds, with prudence to decline,

When to assert the wall, and when resign,

I sing: Thòu, *Trivia*, Goddess, aid my song, 5

Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;

By thee transported, I securely stray

Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,

The silent court, and op'ning square explore,

And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10

To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,

Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;

For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,

Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;

For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15

Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.

My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,

From the great theme to build a glorious name,

To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,

And bind my temples with a Civic crown; 20

F 5

But

But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And *clean your shoes* resounds from every voice ;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show, 25
And their stiff horses through the town move flow ;
When all the *Mall* in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries :
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the *Spanish* or *Morocco* hide ; 30
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd :
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
'Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoes too wide, 35
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside :
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy *D'Oily* habit fold,
The filken drugget ill can fence the cold ;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, 45
And show'rs soon drench the camlet's cockled grain,
True * *Witney* broad cloth with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn :
Be this the horseman's fence ; for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of *Russia's* bear ? 50
Within the *Roquelaure's* clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that stretch'd forth invading arms prevent.

* A Town in *Oxfordshire*.

Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55
 Whose ample form without one plait depends ;
 By * various names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone ;
 Be thine of *Kersey* firm, tho' small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command :
 Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease ; 70
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To Court, to † *White's*, Assemblies, or the Play ;
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane. 75
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace :
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street, 80
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold *Muse* experienc'd dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.

* A *Joseph*, Wrap-rascal, &c.

† *White's* Chocolate-house in *St. James's* Street.

Let *Paris* be the theme of *Gallia's* muse, 85
 Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes ;
 Nor do I rove in *Belgia's* frozen clime,
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
 No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90
 The rushing Flood from sloping pavements pours,
 And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
 Let others *Naples'* smoother streets rehearse,
 And with proud *Roman* structures grace their verse,
 Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones ; 96
 Nor shall the muse thro' narrow *Venice* stray,
 Where *Gondolas* their painted oars display.
 O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,
 No carts, no coaches shake the floating town ! 100
 Thus was of old *Britannia's* city blest'd,
 Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd :
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way :
 Then the proud lady trip'd along the town, 105
 And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
 Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd ;
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground, 110
 Her shoe disdains the street, the lazy fair
 With narrow step affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;
 The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115
 With *Loves* and *Graces* on his chariot sides ;
 In faucy state the griping broker sits,
 And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits :

For

For you, O honest men, these useful lays
The muse prepares; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly dress'd,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy *Surtout* defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal,
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal.
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:
Your tender skins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
Of milder weather, and serener skies.
The ladies gaily dress'd, the *Mall* adorn 145
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
* Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150

* *Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.* VIRG. GEO. I.

The seasons operate on ev'ry breast ;
 'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares ; when tavern-doors
 The chairmen idly croud ; then ne'er refuse 155
 To trust thy busie steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the *Thames*. 160

The bookfeller, whose shop's an open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care
 Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew
 To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue :
 On hosiers poles depending stockings ty'd, 165

Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side ;
 Church-monuments foretell the changing air ;
 Then *Niobe* dissolves into a tear,

And sweats with secret grief : you'll hear the sounds
 Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds ;
 Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse, 171

And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews
 Ere the tiles rattle with the smoaking show'r,
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel. 175
 Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell,
 How, if the festival of *Paul* be clear,

Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year ;
 When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
 'I he lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain ; 180

But if the threatning winds in tempests roar,
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
 How, if on *Swithin's* feast the welkin lours,
 And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,

Twice

Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain, 185
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind ;
Nor *Paul* nor *Switbin* rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze ; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
While you with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun ev'ry dashing pool ; or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But bus'ness summons ; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall ; the spatter'd mud 200
Hides all thy hose behind ; in vain you scow'r,
Thy wig alas ! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.
So fierce *Alecto's* snaky tresses fell,
When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous powers of hell,
Or thus hung *Glaucus'* beard, with briny dew 205
Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view
Surpriz'd the bathing fair ; the frightened maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by *Circe's* aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise : 210
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let *Persian* dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray ;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215
When eastern Monarchs show their state abroad ;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.

But,

But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
 That female implement shall grace thy lays ; 220
 Say from what art divine th' invention came,
 And from its origin deduce its name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny soil,
 A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil ;
 One only daughter blest his nuptial bed, 225
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed :
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
 But now her careful mother was no more.
 Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid ; 230
 As years encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
 And *Patty's* fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
 Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235
 And singing to the distant field repairs :
 And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
 The milky burthen smoaks upon her head,
 Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
 Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
 He saw, he lov'd ; for yet he ne'er had known
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
 Ah *Mulciber* ! recall thy nuptial vows, 245
 Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
 And canst thou leave her bed for *Patty's* arms ?

The *Lemnian* Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
 His bosom glowing with terrestrial love : 250
 Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.

Here

Here smoaks his forge, he bares his finewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm :
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew, 255
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays ;
What woman can resist the force of praise ? 260

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood :
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews ;
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents worc, 265
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in heartsounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his suit ; tho' flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.

T R I V I A.

B O O K II.

Of Walking the Streets by Day.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways ;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town, ;
And for the publick safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From *Billinggate* her fishy traffick bear ; 10
On doors the fallow milkmaid chinks her gains ;
Ah ! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains !
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
These grave physicians with their milky chear, 15
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair ;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace ? 20
Now industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs :
Shops

Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town, 25

Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,

Three trades avoid ; oft in the mingling press,

The barber's apron soils the sable dress ;

Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,

Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh : 30

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,

Three sully'ing trades avoid with equal care ;

The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,

And marks with footy stains the heedless throng ;

When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35

From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat :

The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,

When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;

But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,

The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne, 40

With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,

To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,

Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,

And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid, 45

The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;

Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage

Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age :

And when the porter bends beneath his load,

And pants for breath, clear thou the crouded road.

But, above all, the groping blind direct, 51

And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop of nicest tread,

Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,

At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55

And risques to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,

Him,

Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
 Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride, 61
 And trust him to the muddy kennel's side;
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown, 65
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
 Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
 Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
 He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. *Giles's* ancient limits spread,
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
 Here to sev'n streets seven dials count the day, 75
 And from each other catch the circling ray.
 Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
 Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
 Thus hardy *Theseus* with intrepid feet,
 Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of *Crete*;
 But still the wandring passes forc'd his stay, 85
 Till *Ariadne's* clue unwinds the way.
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
 Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide;
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
 Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply
 To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
 Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
 Will overspread thy calves with spatter'd dirt.
 Where porters' hogfheads roll from carts aslope, 95
 Or brewers down steep collars stretch the rope,
 Where counted billets are by cannon tost,
 Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
 The voice of industry is always near. 100

Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105
 And shew the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)
 Of old was wont this nether world to range
 To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
 Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110
 And ev'n the proudest Goddesses now and then
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
 To vulgar Deities descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
 Then * *Cloacina* (Goddesses of the tide
 Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120

* *Cloacina* was a Goddess whose image *Tatius* (a king of the *Sabines*) found in the common shore, and not knowing what Goddess it was, he called it *Cloacina* from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. *Lactant.* 1, 20. *Minuc. Fel. Or.* p. 232.

She gaz'd; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy
In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;
When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125
That pleasing thunder: swift the Goddess rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast; 130
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136
Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to *Lucina* pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child through various risques in years improv'd
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air, 146
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress; 150
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets; the Gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking croud,

To

To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew. 155

Each Power contributes to relieve the poor :
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush ; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crouded way 160

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;
Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale ; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part, 165
And aids with foot the new jannanning art.

Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,
Lights in *Fleet ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170

Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from *Holborn's* fatal steep :
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;

At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast ;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own : 180

But I, alas ! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born !
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts ;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year. 186

Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,

For

For lesser boys can drive ; I thirsty stand
 And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
 In widen'd circles beats on either side;
 The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
 With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
 Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
 Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind. 200
 Now beck'ning to the boy; she thus begun,
 Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205
 And let the little tripod aid the toil;
 On this methinks I see the walking crew
 At thy request support the miry shoe,
 The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
 And in thy pocket glingling halfpence sound: 210
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud:
 The youth strait chose his post; the labour ply'd
 Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide;
 His treble voice resounds along the *Meuse*, 215
 And *White-hall* echoes—*Clean your Honour's shoes*.

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay,
 Too long detains the walker on his way;
 While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
 The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
 Clasp'd in the board the perjurd head is bow'd,

Betimes

Betimes retreat, here, thick as hailstones pour,
 Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)
 Among the rabble rain : Some random throw 225
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.
 Though expedition bids, yet never stray
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
 Here laden carts with thundering waggon meet,
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 231
 And blood in anguish burst the swelling vein.
 O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts assuage,
 Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage?
 Does not his service earn your daily bread? 235
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed !
 If, as the *Samian* taught, the soul revives,
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives :
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range : 240
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of *Watling-street* the dangers share,
 When the broad pavement of *Cheapside* is near ?
 Or who * that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245
 That stretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black shore
 To the *Tow'r's* moated walls ? Here steams ascend
 That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
 Where chandlers cauldrons boil ; where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea ; 250
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
 And where huge hogsheds sweat with trainy oil,
 Thy breathing nostril hold ; but how shall I
 Pass, where in piles † *Cornavian* cheeses lye ;

* Thames-street.

† *Cheshire* anciently so called.

Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair *Pell-mell*,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
Yet still even here, when rains the passage hide, 265
Oft the loose stone spirits up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisic roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive
stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face, 275
And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks bye-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane, 281
For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane*;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His *Fleet-street* draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;

Untempted,

Untempted, they condemn the juggler's feats,
 Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290
 And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steed securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The *Parthian* thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
 Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;
 Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
 Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
 Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
 With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
 Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
 Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
 And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
 Nor will I roam, when summer's sultry rays 315
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
 With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
 Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

* A Cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three thimbles and a little ball.

Winter my theme confines ; whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the flabby mire, and kennels bind ; 320
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
 And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.
 Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
 The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads ;
 But if thy footstep slide with clotted frost, 325
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll ;
 Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread ?
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn ?
 At *White's* the harness chairman idly stands, 335
 And swings around his waist his tingling hands :
 The sempstrefs speeds to *Change* with red-tipt nose ;
 The *Belgian* stove beneath her footstool glows ;
 In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
 These sports warm harmless ; why then will ye prove,
 Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love ?

Where *Covent-Garden's* famous temple stands,
 That boasts the work of *Jones's* immortal hands ;
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
 And graceful porches lead along the square :
 Here oft my course I bend, when lo ! from far,
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball war :
 The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
 Encreasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
 The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.

But

But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
 The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
 And gingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recall that wond'rous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air;
 When hoary *Thames*, with frosted oziars crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360

The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
 Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town;
 And wander roads unstable not their own:
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365
 And raise with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.

Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
 Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,
 And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair. 370

So when a general bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
 Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
 And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate: 375
 Let elegiac lay the woe relate,

Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
 When silent evening closes up the flowers;

Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;

Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
 Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
 That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.

Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
 Ah *Doll*! all mortals must resign their breath,
 And industry itself submit to death!
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
 Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds, 391
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
 His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
 And *Heber's* banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401
 And *Thames'* full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
 From ev'ry pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
 Need not the Calendar to count their days.
 When through the town with slow and solemn air,
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
 Behind him moves majestically dull,
 The pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly bull; 410
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and *Thursdays* are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad finn'd maid,
 Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415
 The jointed lobster, and unscaly soale,

And

And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts ;
Wednesdays and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,
Days when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirle the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs ;
Know *Saturday's* conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons change declare, 425
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring !
Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood : 430
And when *June's* thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n *Sundays* are profan'd by mackrell cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain ;
Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays the Poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the festival of *Christmas* near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year. 440
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.
Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed ;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head :
Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm ; let plenty's bowl 445
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
See, see, the heaven-born maid her blessings shed ;
Lo ! meagre Want uprears her sickly head ;
Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan ;
 While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
 Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd, 455
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
 Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
 'Those who give late, are importun'd each day,
 And still are teaz'd because they still delay. 460
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them through the publick square,
 Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry ;
 With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
 Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more. 466

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand ;
 Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath ; 470
 As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
 Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,
 That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare ?

Come, F*** sincere, experienc'd friend, 475
 Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend ;
 Come let us leave the *Temple's* silent walls,
 Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls :
 Thro' the long *Strand* together let us stray :
 With thee conversing I forget the way. 480
 Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
 Whose building to the slimy shore extends ;
 Here *Arundel's* fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
 The street alone retains an empty name :

Where

Where *Titian's* glowing paint the canvas warm'd, 485
 And *Raphael's* fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
 Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of *Overton* appear.

Where statues breath'd the works of *Phidias's* hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands. 490

There *Effex's* stately pile adorn'd the shore,
 There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Viller's*, now no more.

Yet *Burlington's* fair palace still remains ;
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns.

Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495

The wall with animated picture lives ;

There *Handel* strikes the strings, the melting strain

Transports the soul, and thrills thro' every vein ;

There oft I enter (but with cleaner shoes)

For *Burlington's* belov'd by ev'ry Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,

Upon your state what happiness attends !

What, tho' no coach to frequent visit rolls,

Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles ;

Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defye, 505

Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye ;

No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,

Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath ;

Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan

Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510

Let others in the jolting coach confide,

Or in the leaky boat the *Thames* divide ;

Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,

And trust their safety to another's feet,

Still let me walk ; for oft the sudden gale 515

Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.

'I hen shall the passenger too late deplore

The whelming billow, and the faithless oar ;

The drunken chairmen in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'eturns. 520
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms ?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r,
 In gilded chariot loll ; he with disdain 525
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain ;
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer ;
 The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
 His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
 And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
 So when dread *Jove* the son of *Phæbus* hurl'd, 535
 Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world ;
 The headstrong courfers tore the silver reins,
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills : 540
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoak upon your boards ?
 Such, *Newgate's* copious market best affords.
 Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal ?
 Seek *Leaden-hall* ; St. *James's* sends thee veal ; 546
Thames-street gives cheeses ; *Covent-garden* fruits ;
Moor-fields old books ; and *Monmouth-street* old suits.
 Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
 Support thy family, and cloath thy wife. 550

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lye,
 And various science lures the learned eye ;

The

The bending shelves, with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown :
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555
 Collects the various odours of the spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,
 May morals snatch from *Plutarch's* tatter'd page,
 A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra's* sage. 560
 Here sauntering 'prentices o'er *Ol-way* weep,
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D*** sleep ;
 Pleas'd sempstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,
 And * *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till apozems grow cold.

O *Lintot*, let my labours obvious lie, 565
 Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye ;
 So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
 And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
 On the false lustre of a coach and six ? 570
 Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
 Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
 With *Flanders* mares, and on an arched spring.
 That wretch to gain an equipage and place, 575
 Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.

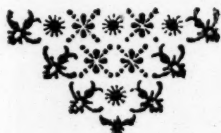
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
 Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps ;
 The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps ; 580
 There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,
 Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
 That other, with a clust'ring train behind,
 Owes his new honours to a fordid mind.

* The name of an Apothecary's boy, in the Poem of the *Dis-
 ensary*.

This next in court-fidelity excells,
The publick rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate ;
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good *SHIRT* !

585

590



T R I V I A.

B O O K III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O *TRIVIA* Goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads,
Celestial Queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now *Cynthia* nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword, 5
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour !

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10
Then swarms the busy street ; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head ;
Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length ;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15
And as the passers open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of *St. Clement* stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the *Strand* ;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ; 20
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face ;

Summon

Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
 Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
 Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds 25
 Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
 Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,
 And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
 Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
 And the mixt hurry barricades the street. 30
 Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
 Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam
 Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed
 Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
 Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35
 And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
 From the high box they whirl the thong around,
 And with the twining lash their shins resound:
 Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
 And the blood gushes down their painful eye, 40
 And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
 And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
 Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
 Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
 So when two boars, in wild * *Yrene* bred, 45
 Or on *Westphalia's* fatt'ning chesnuts fed,
 Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,
 Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
 In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
 Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50
 Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
 Nor idly mingle with the noisy throng.
 Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
 The subtil artist will thy side disarm.
 Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn; 55
 High on the shoulder in a basket borne

* New Forest in *Hampshire*, anciently so called.

Lurks the sly boy; whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd flight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60
Where's now the watch with all its trinkets flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dex'trous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds, 65
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue *stop thief* resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70
Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-finger's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these *Syrens* stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So *Jove's* loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85
And *Greece* and *Troy* retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the croud in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90
Yet

Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
 Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,
 Impatient venture back ; despising harm,
 I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
 Thus his lost bride the *Trojan* sought in vain 95
 Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of
 slain.

Thus *Nisus* wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
 To find the brave companion of his love.
 The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er :
Euryalus, alas ! is now no more. 100

That walker, who regardless of his pace,
 Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
 From side to side by thrusting elbows toft,
 Shall strike his aking breast against the post ;
 Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain 105
 His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
 But if unwarily he chance to stray,
 Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
 The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
 And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide, 111
 And wary circumspection guard thy side ;
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
 Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoaky light.
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115
 Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
 Grievous to heedless shins ; no barrow's wheel,
 That bruises oft' the truant school-boy's heel,
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120
 Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
 Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie ;

Should

Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the publick way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire ;
Mind only safety, and condemn the mire. 130
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn*, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous step ; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone : 136
That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ; 140
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the publick streets, where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy *Augusta* ! law defended town ! 14
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown ;
No *Spanish* jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor *Roman* vengeance stabs th' unwary breast ;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land ; 150
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairmen, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side :
The laws have set him bounds ; his servile feet 155
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.

Yet

Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
 Whose flambeau gilds the fashes of *Pell-mell*,
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,
 To light the midnight visits of the dame ? 160
 Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
 May where the chairman rests, with safety tread ;
 Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
 Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost,
 With gentle words the coachman's ear accost : 166
 He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
 But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
 Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
 To cross the way where carts and coaches roll ; 170
 Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
 Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride ;
 Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
 Like dying thunder in the breaking air ;
 Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175
 And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
 Or wheels enclose the road ; on either hand
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
 And call for aid in vain ; the coachman swears,
 And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
 Where wilt thou turn ? ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?
 On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.
 So sailors, while *Charibdis'* gulph they shun,
 Amaz'd, on *Scylla's* craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands, 185
 Who boasts her shelly ware from *Wallfleet* sands ;
 There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
 Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
 If where *Fleet-ditch* with muddy current flows,
 You chance to roam ; where oyster-tubs in rows 190
 Are

Are rang'd beside the posts ; there stay thy haste,
And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste :
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195
With brags or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risqu'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not lux'ry taste ? Earth, sea and air
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare. 200
Blood stuff'd in skins is *British* christian's food,
And *France* robs marshes of the croaking brood ;
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall ; 206
For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along ;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.
O think on *OEdipus*' detested state, 215
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire unknown ;
(Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son !)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd ! 220
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest ! and thy children slain !
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Through *Theban* streets, and cheerless grope thy way.
Contemplate,

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years ; 225
 See, with black train the funeral pomp appears !
 Whether some heir attends in fable state,
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate ;
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
 A croud of lovers follow to her tomb. 230
 Why is the herse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plume of Ostrich crown'd ?
 No : The dead know it not, nor profit gain ;
 It only serves to prove the living vain.
 How short is life ! how frail is human trust ! 235
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust ?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall ;
 Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
 And spot indelible thy pocket soil. 240
 Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street ?
 Has she not given us hands to grope aright ?
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night ?
 And think'st thou not the double nostril meant, 245
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent ?

* Who can the various city frauds recite,
 With all the petty rapines of the night ?
 Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards ? 250
 Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
 Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way ?
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown ?
 I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care, 255
 When from the crouded play thou lead'st the fair ;

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchief that *India's* shuttle boast ?

O ! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of *Drury's* mazy courts, and dark abodes. 260
The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,
Where *Katherine street* descends into the *Strand*.
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,
To lure the stranger's unsuspecting hearts :
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with faun'tring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace ;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scowr'd manteau, and the slattern air ; 270
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow ;
With flatt'ring sounds she sooths the cred'lous ear,
My noble captain ! charmer ! love ! my dear !
In riding hood near tavern-doors she plies, 275
Or muffled pinnars hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the '*Change* ;
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of *Drury-lane* : 280
She darts from sarsnet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek ; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain, 285
To the great city drove from *Devon's* plain
His num'rous lowing herd ; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold ;
Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd ;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
She

She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence through the street he reels, from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies, 295
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300
How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain, 305
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
To call their breth'ren to confed'rate war
When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word;
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.

His

His scatter'd pence the flying * *Nicker* flings,
 And with the copper show'r the casement rings.
 Who has not heard the *Scourer's* midnight fame? 325
 Who has not trembled at the *Mohock's* name?
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds!
 I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done
 Where from *Snow-hill* black steepy torrents run; 330
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hog'shead's womb,
 Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
 So *Regulus* to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws 355
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
 Or the dark cave to common shores descend.
 Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
 Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies 340
 E'er night has half roll'd round her ebony throne;
 In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
 Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
 So when fam'd *Eddystone's* far-shooting ray, 345
 'That led the sailor through the stormy way,
 Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
 And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350
 Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed,
 And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
 But hark; distress with screaming voice draws nigh'r,
 And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.

* Gentlemen, who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355
 And borne by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise ;
 From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads ;
 The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,
 Through the burst fash a blazing deluge pours,
 And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360
 Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement
 swarms,

The fire-man sweats beneath his crooked arms,
 A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,
 Boldly he climbs where thickest smoak ascends ;
 Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
 The helpless infant through the flame he bears, 365
 With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
 The *Dardan* hero bore his aged fire.

See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
 To quench the blaze that runs along the beams ;
 The grapling hook plucks rafters from the walls, 370
 And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruin falls.

Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,
 Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors ;
 The heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light ; 375

'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O *Rome*,

The dire presage of mighty *Cæsar's* doom,
 When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
 And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.

Hark ! the drum thunders ! far, ye crowds retire : 380

Behold ! the ready match is tipt with fire,
 The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
 With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain ;
 Flames sudden wrap the walls ; with sullen sound 385
 The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.

So

So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
 Th' inevitable hour of *Naples'* fate,
 Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
 And heave and tofs upon the sulph'rous lake; 390
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
 And in th' abyfs her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
 The toils, the perils of the wintry town;
 What riots seen, what bustling crouds I bor'd, 395
 How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
 Yet shall I blefs my labours, if mankind
 Their future safety from my dangers find.
 Thus the bold traveller, inur'd to toil,
 Whose steps have printed *Asia's* desert soil, 400
 The barb'rous *Arabs* haunt; or shiv'ring croft
 Dark *Greenland's* mountains of eternal frost;
 Whom Providence in length of years restores
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;
 Sets forth his journals to the public view, 405
 To caution, by his woes, the wandring crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous labours lye,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410
 When *W** and *G***, mighty names, are dead;
 Or but a *Chelsea* under custards read;
 When Criticks crazy bandboxes repair,
 And Tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
 High-rais'd on *Fleet-street* posts, consign'd to fame, 415
 This work shall shine, and walkers blefs my name.

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THE
WHAT D'YE CALL IT:
A TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL
F A R C E.

—*Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.*

Hor.

—*Locus est & pluribus Umbris.*

Hor.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

AS I am the first who have introduced this kind of Dramatick entertainment upon the stage, I think it absolutely necessary to say something by way of Preface, not only to shew the nature of it, but to answer some objections that have been already raised against it by the graver sort of Wits, and other interested people.

We have often had Tragi-Comedies upon the English Theatre with success: but in that sort of composition the Tragedy and Comedy are in distinct Scenes, and may be easily separated from each other. But the whole Art of the Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce lies in interweaving the several kinds of the Drama with each other, so that they cannot be distinguished or separated.

The objections that are raised against it as a Tragedy, are as follow:

First, As to the Plot, they deny it to be Tragical, because its Catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted Comical.

Secondly, As to the Characters; that those of a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clerk, and an Embryo's Ghost, are very improper to the dignity of Tragedy, and were never introduced by the Ancients.

Thirdly, They say the Sentiments are not Tragical, because they are those of the lowest country people.

*Lastly, They will not allow the Moral to be proper for Tragedy, because the end of Tragedy being to shew
human*

P R E F A C E.

human life in its distresses, imperfections and infirmities, thereby to soften the mind of man from its natural obduracy and haughtiness, the Moral ought to have the same tendency; but this Moral, they say, seems entirely calculated to flatter the Audience in their vanity and self-conceitdness.

You all have sense enough to find it out.

To the first objection I answer, that it is still a disputable point, even among the best Criticks, whether a Tragedy may not have a happy Catastrophe; that the French Authors are of this opinion, appears from most of their Modern Tragedies.

In answer to the second objection, I cannot affirm, that any of the Ancients have either a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clerk, or an Embryo Ghost in their Tragedies; yet whoever will look into Sophocles, Euripides, or Seneca, will find that they greatly affected to introduce Nurses in all their pieces, which every one must grant to be an inferior Character to a Justice of Peace; in imitation of which also, I have introduced a Grandmother and an Aunt.

To the third objection, which is the meanness of the sentiments, I answer, that the sentiments of Princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they seem to have: their thoughts are almost the same, and they only differ as the same thought is attended with a meanness or pomp of diction, or receive a different light from the circumstances each Character is conversant with. But these Criticks have forgot the precepts of their Master Horace, who tells them,

—Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

In answer to the objection against the Moral, I have only this to alledge, That the Moral of this piece is concealed;

P R E F A C E.

cealed; and Morals that are couched so as to exercise the judgments of the audience, have not been disapproved by the best Criticks. And I would have those that object against it as a piece of Flattery, consider, that there is such a Figure as the Irony.*

The Objections against it as a Comedy are,

First, They object to the Plot, that it throws the Characters into the deepest circumstances of distress: Inferior trampled upon by the Tyranny of Power, a soldier to be shot for desertion, and an innocent maid in the utmost despair.

Second'y, That Ghosts are introduced, which move terror, a Passion not proper to be moved in Comedy.

Thirdly, They will not allow the Sentiments to be comical, because they are such as naturally flow from the deep distresses abovementioned. The Speech of a dying man, and his last advice to his child, are what one could not reasonably expect should raise the mirth of an audience.

First, That the Plot is comical, I argue from the Peripætia and the Catastrophe. Peascod's change of fortune upon the reprieve's being produced, Kitty's distress ending in the discharge of her sweetheart, and the wedding, are all incidents that are truly comical.

*To the second objection I answer, That Ghosts have not been omitted in the antient Comedy; Aristophanes having laid the Scene of his *Bulpa xou* among the shades; and Plautus has introduced a *Lar familiaris* in his Prologue to the *Aulularia*, which though not actually a Ghost, is very little better.*

As to the third objection, That the Sentiments are not Comical, I answer, That the Ghosts are the only charac-

* See Bossu's Chapter of concealed Sentences.

P R E F A C E.

ters which are objected to as improper for Comedy, which I have already proved to be justly introduced, as following the manner of the old Comedy; but as they allow that the Sentiments naturally flow from the characters, those of the Justice, Clowns, &c. which are indisputably Comical characters, must be Comical. For the Sentiments being conveyed in number and rhyme, I have the authority of the best Modern French Comedies.

The only objection against it as a Pastoral falls upon the characters, which they say are partly Pastoral, and partly not so. They insist particularly, that a Sergeant of Grenadiers is not a pastoral character, and that the others are so far from being in the state of innocence, that the clowns are whoremasters, and the damsels with child.

To this I reply, that Virgil talks of Soldiers among his Shepherds.

Impius hæc tam culta Novalia miles habebit.

And the character of the Sergeant is drawn according to the Epithet of Virgil, Impius Miles, which may be seen in that speech of his,

You Dog, die like a Soldier—and be damn'd.

For, in short, a Soldier to a Swain is but just the same thing that a Wolf is to his Flocks, and is as naturally talk'd of or introduced. As for the rest of the characters, I can only say I have copied nature, making the youths amorous before wedlock, and the damsels complying and fruitful. Those that are the most conversant in the country are the best judges of this sort of nature.

Lastly, they object against it as a Farce.

First, Because the irregularity of the Plot should answer to the extravagance of the characters, which they say this piece wants, and therefore is no Farce.

Secondly,

P R E F A C E.

Secondly, They deny the characters to be Farcical, because they are actually in nature.

Thirdly, If it was a true Farce, the Sentiments ought to be strain'd, to bear a proportional irregularity with the plot and characters.

To the First I answer, That the Farcical Scene of the Ghosts is introduced without any coherence with the rest of the piece, might be entirely left out, and would not be allowed in a regular Comedy. There are indeed a great number of Dramatick entertainments, where are Scenes of this kind; but those pieces in reality are not Comedies, but five Act Farces.

Secondly, Let the Criticks consider only the nature of Farce, that it is made up of absurdities and incongruities, and that those pieces which have these qualities in the greatest degree are the most Farces; and they will allow this to be so from the characters, and particularly from that of the speaking Ghost of an Embryo, in the conclusion of the first Act. I have, 'tis true, Aristophanes's Authority for things of this sort in comedy, who hath introduced a Chorus of Frogs, and made them talk in the following manner:

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοῦξ, κοῦξ,
Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοῦξ, κοῦξ,
Διμυῖα κρηῶν τέκνα, &c.

Mr. D'Urfe of our own nation has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech equal with the parrot. Swans and elbow-chairs in the Opera of Dioclesian have danced upon the English Stage with good success. Shakespear hath some characters of this sort, as a speaking wall,

P R E F A C E.

wall, and Moonshine *. *The former he designed to introduce (as he tells us himself) with something rough cast about him, and the latter comes in with a lantern and candle; which in my opinion are characters that make a good figure in the modern Farce.*

Thirdly, The sentiments are truly of the Farce kind, as they are the sentiments of the meanest Clowns convey'd in the pomp of numbers and rhyme; which is certainly forced and out of nature, and therefore Farcical.

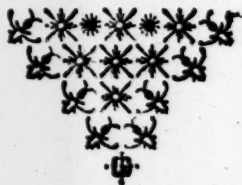
After all I have said, I would have these Criticks only consider; when they object against it as a Tragedy, that I designed it something of a Comedy; when they cavil at it as a Comedy, that I had partly a view to Pastoral; when they attack it as a Pastoral, that my endeavours were in some degree to write a Farce; and when they would destroy its character as a Farce, that my design was a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral: I believe when they consider this, they will all agree, that I have happily enough executed what I proposed, which is all I contend for. Yet that I might avoid the cavils and misinterpretations of severe Criticks, I have not called it a Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral, or Farce, but left the name entirely undetermined in the doubtful appellation of the What d'ye call it, which name I thought unexceptionable; but I added to it a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce, as it comprized all those several kinds of the Drama.

The judicious Reader will easily perceive, that the unities are kept as in the most perfect pieces, that the Scenes are unbroken, and Poetical Justice strictly observed; the Ghost of the Embryo and the Parish Girl are entire new characters. I might enlarge further upon the conduct of

* See his *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

P R E F A C E.

the particular Scenes, and of the piece in general, but shall only say, that the Success this piece has met with upon the Stage, gives encouragement to our Dramatic Writers to follow its Model; and evidently demonstrates that this sort of Drama is no less fit for the Theatre than those they have succeeded in.



2 JY 61

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Roger,</i>	<i>Mr. Miller.</i>
<i>Sir Humphry,</i>	<i>Mr. Crofs.</i>
<i>Justice Statute,</i>	<i>Mr. Shepherd.</i>
<i>Squire Thomas, Sir Roger's Son,</i>	} <i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
<i>alias Thomas Filbert,</i>	
<i>Jonas Dock, alias Timothy Peascod,</i>	<i>Mr. Penkethman.</i>
<i>Peter Nettle, the Serjeant,</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Steward to Sir Roger,</i>	<i>Mr. Quin.</i>
<i>Constable,</i>	<i>Mr. Penroy.</i>
<i>Corporal,</i>	<i>Mr. Weller.</i>
<i>Stave, a Parish-Clerk.</i>	
<i>The Ghost of a Child unborn,</i>	<i>Mr. Norris, junior.</i>
<i>Countrymen, Ghosts, and Soldiers.</i>	

W O M E N.

<i>Kitty, the Steward's Daughter,</i>	} <i>Mrs. Bicknell.</i>
<i>alias Kitty Carrot,</i>	
<i>Dorcas, Peascod's Sister,</i>	<i>Mrs. Willis, senior.</i>
<i>Joyce, Peascod's Daughter, left</i>	} <i>Miss Younger.</i>
<i>upon the Parish,</i>	
<i>Aunt,</i>	<i>Mrs. Baker.</i>
<i>Grandmother.</i>	

T H E

WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

A TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL

F A R C E.

SCENE, *A Country Justice's Hall, adorned with
Scutcheons and Stags Horns.*

Enter STEWARD, SQUIRE, KITTY, DOCK, and
others in Country Habits.

STEWARD.

S O, you are ready in your parts, and in your dress too, I see; your own best cloaths do the business. Sure never was play and actors so suited. Come, range yourselves before me, women on the right, and men on the left. Squire *Thomas*. you make a good figure.

[The actors range themselves.]

SQUIRE.

Ay, thanks to *Barnaby's* Sunday cloaths; but call me *Thomas Filbert*, as I am in the play.

STEWARD.

STEWARD.

Chear up, daughter, and make *Kitty Carrot* the shining part: Squire *Thomas* is to be in love with you to-night, girl.

KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire *Thomas's* love to my cost. I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [aside.]

STEWARD.

Jonas Dock, dost thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? *Jo—Jo—Jonas*. No—that was the name my godfathers gave me. My play name is *Timothy Pea—Pea—Peascod*; ay, *Peascod*—and am to be shot for a deserter.—

STEWARD.

And you, *Dolly*?

DOLLY.

An't please ye, I am *Dorcas*, *Peascod's* sister, and am to be with child, as it were.

1st COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were—I am the Constable.

2d COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to see *Tim* shot, as it were—I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our sergeant?

DORCAS.

Why *Peter Nettle*, *Peter*, *Peter*. [Enter *Nettle*.]

NETTLE.

These stockings of *Susan's* cost a woundy deal of pains the pulling on: But what's a sergeant without red stockings?

DOCK.

DOCK.

I'll dress thee, *Peter*, I'll dress thee. Here, stand still, I must twist thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but pr'ythee don't look black in the face, man. [*Rolling his neckcloth.*] Thou must look fierce and dreadful. [*Making whiskers with a burnt cork.*] But what shall we do for a grenadier's cap?

STEWART.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiously painted before, and will make a figure.

NETTLE.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the Pope's mitre, that my master Sir *Roger* seiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market town.

STEWART.

So, now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the play. [*Exeunt actors.*] My daughter debauch'd! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this play may retrieve her folly, and preserve her reputation. Poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

Enter Sir Roger.

SIR ROGER.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghost; nay, I will have a competence of ghosts. What, shall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghost? A play without a ghost is like, is like——i'gad it is like nothing.

STEWART.

Sir, be satisfied; you shall have ghosts.

SIR ROGER.

And is the play as I order'd it, both a Tragedy and a Comedy? I would have it a pastoral too; and if
you

you could make it a Farce, so much the better—and what if you crown'd all with a spice of your Opera? You know my neighbours never saw a play before; and dy'e see, I would shew them all sorts of plays under one.

STEWARD.

Sir Roger, it is contrived for that very purpose.

[Enter two Justices.

Sir ROGER.

Neighbours, ye are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a play for us these *Christmas* holidays. [Exit Steward bowing.]—A rare headpiece! he has it here, i'faith. [Pointing to his own head.] But indeed, I gave him the hint—To see now what contrivance some folks have! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that every man talks in his own way!—and then we have made just three justices in the play, to be play'd by us three justices of the *Quorum*.

1st JUSTICE.

Zooks!—so it is;—main ingenious—and can we fit and smoak at the same time we act?

Sir ROGER.

Ay, ay,—we have but three or four words to say—and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

2d JUSTICE.

But how shall we know when we are to say these same words?

Sir ROGER.

This shall be the signal—when I set down the tankard, then speak you, Sir *Humphry*—and when Sir *Humphry* sets down the tankard, speak you, Squire *Statute*.

1st

1st JUSTICE.

Ah, Sir Roger, you are an old dog at these things.

2d JUSTICE.

To be sure.

Sir ROGER.

Why neighbours, you know, experience, experience—I remember your *Harts* and your *Bettertons*—But to see your *Othello*, neighbours,——how he would rave and roar, about a foolish flower'd handkerchief!—and then he would groud so manfully,——and he would put out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! but hush——the Prologue, the Prologue.

[*They seat themselves with much ceremony at the table. on which are pipes and tobacco, and a large silver tankard.*]

THE
P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. PINKETHMAN.

THE entertainment of this night—or day,
This something, or this nothing of a Play,
Which strives to please all palates at a time,
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme,
This comic story, or this tragic jest,
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best ;
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature,
Move with distress, or tickle you with satyr.
All must be pleas'd too with their parts, we think :
Our maids have sweethearts, and their worships drink.
Criticks, we know, by ancient rules may maul it ;
But sure Gallants must like—the What d'ye call it.

ACT



ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
CONSTABLE, FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY,
DORCAS, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT.

Sir ROGER.

HERE, *Thomas Filbert*, answer to your name,
Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame:
Or wed her strait, or else you're sent afar,
To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

FILBERT.

'Tis false, 'tis false—I scorn thy odious touch.

[*Pushing Dorcas from him.*]

DORCAS.

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

KITTY.

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid.
To the right father let the child be laid.
Art thou not perjurd?—mark his harmless look.
How canst thou, *Dorcas*, kiss the Bible book?
Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear *Old Nick*?
Sure sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

SERGEANT.

Zooks: never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;
For what is war abroad to war at home?
Who wou'd not sooner bravely risque his life;
For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

FILBERT.

Well, if I must, I must—I hate the wench,
I'll bear a musquet then against the *French*.

From door to door I'd sooner whine and beg,
 Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,
 Than marry such a trapes—No, no, I'll not :
 —Thou wilt too late repent when I am shot.
 But, *Kitty*, why dost cry?—

GRANDMOTHER.

——Stay, Justice, stay :
 Ah, little did I think to see this day !
 Must Grandson *Filbert* to the wars be prest ?
 Alack ! I knew him when he suck'd the breast,
 Taught him his catechism, the fescue held,
 And join'd his letters, when the bantling spell'd,
 His loving mother left him to my care,
 Fine child, as like his Dad as he could stare !
 Come *Candlemas*, nine years ago she dy'd,
 And now lies bury'd by the yew-tree's side.

AUNT.

O tyrant Justices ! have you forgot
 How my poor brother was in *Flanders* shot ?
 You press'd my brother—he shall walk in white,
 He shall—and shake your curtains ev'ry night.
 What though the paultry hare he rashly kill'd,
 That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the field ?
 You sent him o'er the hills and far away ;
 Left his old mother to the parish pay, }
 With whom he shared his ten-pence ev'ry day.
Wat kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out ;
 You took the law of *Thomas* for a trout :
 You ruin'd my poor uncle at the sizes,
 And made him pay nine pounds for *Nisprises*.
 Now will you press my harmless nephew too ?
 Ah, what has conscience with the rich to do !

[*Sir Roger takes up the Tankard.*
 Though

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,
Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,
Yet I can sleep in peace——

Sir ROGER. [*After having drunk.*

—— Woman, forbear.

Sir HUMPHRY. [*Drinking.*

The man's within the act——

Justice STATUTE. [*Drinking also.*

—— The law is clear.

SERGEANT.

Haste, let their worships orders be obey'd.

KITTY. [*Kneeling.*

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.
Thus to your worships on my knees I sue,
(A posture never known but in the pew)
If we can money for our taxes find,
Take that—but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.
To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,
The blood of vermine all the blood he shed:
How should he, harmless youth, how should he then
Who kill'd but poulcats, learn to murder men?

DORCAS.

O *Thomas, Thomas!* hazard not thy life;
By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife:
I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,
I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.
I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;
If you earn ten-pence, I my groat can earn.
How shall I weep to hear this infant cry?

[*her hand on her belly.*

He'll have no father——and no husband I.

KITTY.

Hold, *Thomas*, hold, nor hear that shameless witch:
I can sew plain-work, I can darn and stitch;

I can bear sultry days and frosty weather;
 Yes, yes, my *Thomas*, we will go together;
 Beyond the seas together will we go,
 In camps together, as at harvest, glow.
 This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,
 I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed;
 There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,
 Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.
 Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and shall I do
 That for the pigs, I would not bear for you?

FILBERT.

Oh, *Kitty, Kitty*, canst thou quit the rake,
 And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's sake?
 Canst thou so many gallant soldiers see,
 And captains and lieutenants slight for me?
 Say, canst thou hear the guns, and never shake,
 Nor start at oaths that make a christian quake?
 Canst thou bear hunger, canst thou march and toil
 A long long way, a thousand thousand mile?
 And when thy *Tom's* blown up, or shot away,
 Then canst thou starve?—they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir ROGER.

[*Drinking.*

Take out that wench——

Sir HUMPHRY.

[*Drinking.*

—— But give her penance meet.

Justice STATUTE. [*Drinking also.*

I'll see her stand——next Sunday——in a sheet.

DORCAS.

Ah! why does nature give us so much cause
 To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws?
 Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,
 When too soft nature draws us after kind?

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY, GRANDMOTHER,
AUNT, SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Sergeant, the captain to your quarters sent;
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.
Our Corp'ral now has the deserter found;
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

SERGEANT.

[To Filbert.

Come, foldier, come——

KITTY.

——Ah! take me, take me too.

GRANDMOTHER.

Stay, forward wench;——

AUNT.

——What would the creature do?
This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

KITTY.

Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake;
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.
O justice most unjust!——

FILBERT.

——O tyranny!

KITTY.

How can I part?

FILBERT.

——Alas! and how can I?

KITTY.

O rueful day!

THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

FILBERT.

———Rueful indeed, I trow.

KITTY.

O woeful day!

FILBERT.

———A day indeed of woe!

KITTY.

When gentle folks their sweethearts leave behind,
 They can write letters, and say something kind;
 But how shall *Filbert* unto me endite,
 When neither I can read, nor he can write?

Yet, Justices, permit us ere we part
 To break this nine-pence, as you've broke our heart.

FILBERT.

[*Breaking the nine-pence.*]

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

KITTY.

[*Joining the pieces.*]

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

[*She is drawn away on one side of the Stage by
 Aunt and Grandmother.*]

Yet one look more———

FILBERT.

[*Haul'd off on the other side by the Sergeant.*]

———One more ere yet we go.

KITTY.

To part is death.———

FILBERT.

———'Tis death to part.

KITTY.

———Ah!

FILBERT.

———Oh!

SCENE

S C E N E III.

SIR ROGER, SIR HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
and CONSTABLE.

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.

See, constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.

Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.

We've business——

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.

———To discuss a point of Law.

S C E N E IV.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE.
They seem in earnest discourse.

Sir ROGER.

I say the Press act plainly makes it out.

Sir HUMPHRY.

Doubtless, Sir Roger.——

Justice STATUTE.

———Brother, without doubt.

A Ghost rises

1st GHOST.

I'm Jeffry Cackle.——You my death shall rue ;
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

[Pointing to the Justices.

Another Ghost rises.

2d GHOST.

I'm Smut, the farrier.——You my death shall rue ;
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

I 5

3d GHOST.

THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

A Woman's Ghost rises.

3d GHOST.

I'm *Bess* that hang'd myself for *Smut* so true ;
 So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

A Ghost of an Embryo rises.

4th GHOST.

I was begot before my mother married,
 Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

Another Woman's Ghost rises.

5th GHOST.

Its mother I, whom you whipt black and blue ;
 Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[All Ghosts shake their heads.]

Sir ROGER.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me ?
 You cannot say I did it——

BOTH JUSTICES.

—— No — nor we.

1st GHOST.

All three——

2d GHOST.

—— All three——

3d GHOST.

—— All three——

4th GHOST.

—— All three——

5th GHOST.

—— All three.

A SONG

A SONG sung dismally by a GHOST.

*YE goblins and fairys,
With frisks and vagarys,
Ye fairys and goblins,
With hoppings and hobblings,
Come all, come all
To Sir Roger's great hall.*

*All fairys and goblins,
All goblins and fairys,
With hoppings and hobblings,
With frisks and vagarys.*

C H O R U S.

*Sing, goblins and fairys,
Sing, fairys and goblins,
With frisks and vagarys,
And hoppings and hobblings.*

*The ghosts dance round the Justices, who go off in a
fright, and the ghosts vanish.*

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A FIELD.

TIMOTHY PEASCOD bound; CORPORAL, SOLDIERS
and COUNTRYMEN.

CORPORAL.

STAND off there, countrymen; and you, the guard,
Keep close your pris'ner—see that all's prepar'd.
Prime all your firelocks—fasten well the stake.

PEASCOD.

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake.
O fellow soldiers, countrymen and friends,
Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends:
For evil courses am I brought to shame,
And from my soul I do repent the same.
Oft my kind *Grannam* told me—*Tim*, take warning,
Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning.
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime;
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time:
I rob'd the parson's orchard next; and then
(For which I pray forgiveness) stole—a hen.
When I was prefs'd, I told them the first day
I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

[*Attempts to run off, but is prevented.*]

For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,
'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

[*The soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.*]

Hold, hold, my friends; nay hold, hold, hold, I pray;
They may go off—and I have more to say.

1st COUNTRYMAN.

Come, 'tis no time to talk ——

2d COUNTRYMAN.

———Repent thine ill,

And pray in this good book. —— [*Gives him a book.*]

PEASCOD.

———I will, I will.

Lend me thy handkercher—*The Pilgrim's pro*———[*Reads and weeps.*](I cannot see for tears) *Pro*———*Progress*———Oh!*The Pilgrim's Progress*———*eight*———*e-di-ti-on*,*Lon-don*———*print-ed*———*for*———*Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton*:*With new ad-di-tions never made before.*

Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.

[*Drops the book.*]

S C E N E II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT.

SERGEANT.

What whining's this?——boys, see your guns well
ramm'd.

You dog, die like a soldier——and be damn'd.

FILBERT.

My friend in ropes!———

PEASCOD.

———I should not thus be bound,

If I had Means, and could but raise five pound.

The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,

Five pounds, if rightly tipt, would set me clear.

FILBERT.

FILBERT.

Here——*Peascod*, take my pouch——'tis all I own.
(For what is means and life when *Kitty's* gone!)

'Tis my press-money——can this silver fail?

'Tis all, except one six-pence spent in ale.

This had a ring for *Kitty's* finger bought,

Kitty on me had by that token thought.

But for thy life, poor *Tim*, if this can do't;

Take it, with all my soul——thou'rt welcome to't.

[*Offers him his purse.*]

1st COUNTRYMAN.

And take my fourteen-pence——

2d COUNTRYMAN.

——And my cramp-ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

3d COUNTRYMAN.

And master Sergeant, take my box of copper.

4th COUNTRYMAN.

And my wife's thimble——

5th COUNTRYMAN.

——And this 'bacco-stopper.

SERGEANT.

No bribes. Take back your things——I'll have
them not.

PEASCOD.

Oh! must I die?——

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN.

——Oh! must poor *Tim* be shot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiss thee first—— [*Embracing Filbert.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

——— Ah, brother *Tim*,
Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him.
He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;
In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.
Oh marry me-- [*To Filbert.*] Thy sister is with child.
[*To Tim.*
And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguill'd.

PEASCOD.

Could'st thou do this? could'st thou——
[*In anger to Filbert.*

SERGEANT.

——— Draw out the men :
Quick to the stake; he must be dead by ten.

DORCAS.

Be dead! must *Tim* be dead!——

PEASCOD.

——— He must——he must.

DORCAS.

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst.
—Hold, Sergeant, hold—yet ere you sing the Psalms,
Ah let me ease my conscience of its qualms.
O brother, brother! *Filbert* still is true.
I foully wrong'd him——do, forgive me, do.
[*To Filbert.*
The Squire betray'd me; nay,—and what is worse,
Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,
To swear this child to *Filbert*.——

PEASCOD.

PEASCOD.

———What a *few*
My sister is!——Do, *Tom*, forgive her, do. [*To Filb.*

FILBERT. [*kisses Dorcas.*

But see thy base-born child, thy babe of shame,
Who left by thee, upon our parish came,
Comes for thy blessing———

S C E N E IV.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS, JOYCE.

PEASCOD.

———Oh! my sins of youth!
Why on the haycock didst thou tempt me, *Ruth*?
O save me, Sergeant:——how shall I comply?
I love my daughter so——I cannot die.

JOYCE.

Must father die! and I be left forlorn?
Alack-a-day! that ever *Joyce* was born!
No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.
They said, if ever father got his pay,
I should have two-pence ev'ry market day.

PEASCOD.

Poor child; hang sorrow, and cast care behind thee,
The parish by this badge is bound to find thee.

[*Pointing to the badge on her arm.*

JOYCE.

The parish finds indeed——but our church-wardens
Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.

Then

Then my school-mistress like a vixen *Turk*,
 Maintains her lazy husband by our work :
 Many long tedious days I've worsted spun ;
 She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.
 Heav'n send me a good service ! for I now
 Am big enough to wash, or milk a cow.

PEASCOD.

O that I had by charity been bred !
 I then had been much better——taught than fed.
 Instead of keeping nets against the law,
 I might have learnt accounts, and sung *Sol-fa*.
 Farewell, my child ; spin on, and mind thy book,
 And send thee store of grace therein to look.
 Take warning by thy shameless Aunt ; lest thou
 Should'st o'er thy bastard weep——as I do now.
 Mark my last words——an honest living get ;
 Beware of Papishes, and learn to knit.
 [*Dorcas leads out Joyce sobbing and crying.*]

SCENE V.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
 SERGEANT, FILBERT.

FILBERT.

Let's drink before we part——for sorrow's dry.
 To *Tim*'s safe passage——

[*Takes out a brandy bottle, and drinks.*]

1st COUNTRYMAN.

——I'll drink too

2^d COUNTRYMAN.

——And I.

PEASCOD.

PEASCOD.

Stay, let me pledge——'tis my last earthly liquor.

[Drinks.

—When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.

[They lead him to the stake.

1st COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman——

[Sighing.

2d COUNTRYMAN.

——Harrow'd well !

3d COUNTRYMAN.

And at our may-pole ever bore the bell !

PEASCOD.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,

Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd ;

This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,

I, in this field, should die for a deserter ?

FILBERT.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard !——

SERGEANT.

——Zooks, here's a pother.

Strip him ; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

PEASCOD.

[Distributing his things among his friends.

Take you my 'bacco-box——my neckcloth, you.

To our kind Vicar fend this bottle-skew.

But wear these breeches, *Tom* ; they're quite bran-new.

FILBERT.

Farewell——

1st COUNTRYMAN.

——B'ye, *Tim*.——

2d COUNTRYMAN.

——B'ye, *Tim*.——

3d COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

4th COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

[They all take leave of Peascod by shaking hands with him.]

SCENE VI.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, to them a SOLDIER in
great haste.

SOLDIER.

Hold——why so furious, sergeant? by your leave,
Untye the pris'ner——see, here's a reprieve.

[Shows a paper:]

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN *[Huzzaing.]*

A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

[Peascod is unty'd, and embraces his friends.]

SCENE VII.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

SERGEANT.

For what?——

CONSTABLE.

——For stealing gaffer Gap's gray mare.

[They seize the Sergeant.]

PEASCOD.

PEASCOD.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.
Would you be rather hang'd—hah!—hang'd or shot?

SERGEANT.

Nay, hold, hold, hold——

PEASCOD.

——Not if you were my brother.

Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another?

CONSTABLE.

Thus said Sir *John*——the law must take its course;

'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.

But (said Sir *John*) the statutes all declare,

The man shall sure be hang'd---that steals a mare.

PEASCOD.

[*To the Sergeant.*]

Ay—right—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

He shall be hang'd—that's certain; and good cause.

A rare good sentence this——how is't?——the laws,

No——not the laws——the statutes all declare,

The man that steals a mare shall sure—be—hang'd,

No, no——he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

[*Exit Sergeant guarded, Countrymen, &c.
buzzaing after him.*]

S C E N E VIII.

KITTY, *with her hair loose*, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT,
HAYMAKERS, CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.

KITTY.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you
Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:

And

And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,
 Giv'n by my mother in my younger years :
 With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known,
 'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown :
 On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,
 While *Tom* gaz'd on me, propt upon his fork :
 Farewell, farewell ; for all thy task is o'er,
Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

[*Flings away the rake.*]

CHORUS of SIGHs and GROANS.

Ah——O!——Sure never was the like before !

KITTY.

Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears
 The soldier's drum, nor writ of Justice fears.
 Our bans thrice bid ! and for my wedding-day
 My kerchief bought ! then press'd, then forc'd away !

CHORUS of SIGHs and GROANS.

Ah ! O ! poor soul ! alack ! and well a day !

KITTY.

You, *Bess*, still reap with *Harry* by your side ;
 You, *Jenny*, shall next *Sunday* be a bride :
 But I forlorn !——This ballad shews my care ;

[*Gives Susan a ballad.*]

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair :
Susan can sing——do you the burthen bear.

A BALLAD.

I

TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

III.

The merchant, rob'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?

No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she 'spy'd ;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.

KITTY.

Why in this world should wretched Kitty stay ?
 What if these hands should make myself away ?
 I could not sure do otherwise than well.
 A maid so true's too innocent for hell.
 But heark ye, Cis—— [*Whispers and gives her a penknife.*]

AUNT.

—I'll do't—'tis but to try,
 If the poor soul can have the heart to die.
 [*Aside to the Haymakers.*]
 Thus then I strike—but turn thy head aside.

KITTY.

'Tis shameful sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.
 No—take this cord—— [*Gives her a cord.*]

AUNT.

—With this thou shalt be sped.
 [*Putting the noose round her neck.*]

KITTY.

But curs are hang'd.——

AUNT.

AUNT.

—— Christians should die in bed.

KITTY.

Then lead me thither; there I'll mourn and weep,
And close these weary eyes in death.

AUNT.

—or sleep. [*Aside.*]

KITTY.

When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier,
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here:
Here shall I walk—for 'twas beneath yon tree
Filbert first said he lov'd—lov'd only me. [*Kitty faints.*]

GRANDMOTHER.

She swoons, poor soul—help *Dolly*.

AUNT.

—She's in fits.

Bring water, water, water. — [*Screaming.*]

GRANDMOTHER.

—Fetch her wits.

[*They throw water upon her.*]

KITTY.

Hah!—I am turn'd a stream—look all below;
It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.
The meads are all afloat—the haycocks swim.
Hah! who comes here!—my *Filbert*! drown not him.
Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,
Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey-mount-
tains.

S C E N E IX.

KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMAKERS,
FILBERT.

KITTY.

't is his ghost——or is it he indeed?
Wert thou not sent to war; hah, dost thou bleed?
No——'tis my *Filbert*.

FILBERT.

[*Embracing her.*

——Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he,

Dorcas confes'd; the Justice set me free.
I'm thine again.——

KITTY.

——I thine——

FILBERT.

——Our fears are fled.

Come, let's to church, to church.——

KITTY.

——To wed.

FILBERT.

——To bed.

CHORUS of HAYMAKERS.

A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding.

[*Exeunt all the Actors.*

Sir ROGER.

Ay now for the wedding. Where's he that plays
the Parson? Now, neighbours, you shall see what
was never shewn upon the *London* stage,——Why,
heigh day! what's our play at a stand?

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Enter

Enter a Countryman.

COUNTRYMAN.

So please your worship, I should have play'd the Parson, but our Curate would not lend his gown, for he says it is a profanation.

Sir ROGER.

What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

[The Justices assent by nods and signs.]

Enter Stave the Parish-clerk.

STAVE.

Master Doctor saith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the Fathers, and he is come himself to utter them to your Worship.

Sir ROGER.

What, shall our Play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons——call in Mr. Inference.

Stave goes out and re enters.

STAVE.

Sir, he saith he never greatly affected stage plays.

[WITHIN.]

Stave, Stave, Stave.

Sir ROGER.

Tell him that I say——

[WITHIN.]

Stave, Stave.

Sir ROGER.

What, shall the Curate controul me? have not I the presentation? tell him that I will not have my play spoil'd; nay, that he shall marry the couple himself——I say, he shall.

Stave goes out and re-enters.

STAVE.

The steward hath persuaded him to join their hands in the parlour within——but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will he enter into your worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage *pro tempore*.

Sir

Sir HUMPHRY.

Very likely : The good man may have reason.

Justice STATUTE.

In troth, we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender conscienced doctor.

Sir ROGER.

Why, what's a play without a marriage ? and what is a marriage if one sees nothing of it ? Let him have his humour——but set the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on. [Exit Stave.

[Sir Roger at the door pointing.

So natural ! d'ye see now, neighbours ? the ring i'faith. To have and to hold ! right again——well play'd, doctor ; well play'd, Son Thomas. Come, come, I'm satisfy'd——now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter Steward, Squire Thomas, Kitty, Stave, &c.

STEWARD.

Sir Roger, you are very merry.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,

The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.

I wish you joy of your play, and of your daughter. I had no way but this to repair the injury your son had done my child——she shall study to deserve your favour.

[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

Married ! how married ! can the marriage of *Filbert* and *Carrot* have any thing to do with my son ?

STEWARD.

But the marriage of *Thomas* and *Katherine* may, Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

What a plague, am I trick'd then ? I must have a stage play, with a pox !

Sir HUMPHRY.

If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard, Sir Roger.

Squire

Squire THOMAS.

Zooks, these stage plays are plaguy dangerous things—but I am no such fool neither, but I know this was all your contrivance.

Justice STATUTE.

Ay, Sir Roger, you told us it was you that gave him the hint.

Sir ROGER.

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit than to say the ceremony? he should only have married you in rhyme, fool.

Squire THOMAS.

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is——and since murder will out, as the saying is; look ye, father, I was under some sort of a promise too, d'ye see——so much for that——If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't——sure I must have been married some time or other.

[Sir Roger walks up and down fretting, and goes out in a passion.]

Sir HUMPHRY.

In troth it was in some sort my opinion before; it is good in law.

Justice STATUTE.

Good in law, good in law——but hold, we must not lose the dance.

A D A N C E.

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E P I L O G U E.

STAVE.

*Our stage play has a moral——and no doubt
You all have sense enough to find it out.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.